

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## NATURAL RELIGION.

### V.

"BUT what consolation is to be found in such a worship? What is the *use* of believing in such a God?" This is the objection I expect to hear. It is true that the conception I have been drawing out, however evidently great, sublime, and glorious, is at the same time a painful and oppressive conception to us. The thought of the unity of the Universe is not by itself inspiring; the belief in it can scarcely be called a faith. For we must look at the bad side of the Universe as well as the good. The Power we contemplate is the power of death as well as life, of decay as well as of vigour; in human affairs He is the power of reaction as well as of progress, of barbarism as well as of civilization, of corruption as well as of reform, of immobility as well as of movement, of the past as well as of the future. In the most ancient and one of the grandest hymns ever addressed to Him, this mixed feeling of terror and fascination with which we naturally regard Him is strongly marked:—"Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. For we consume away in Thine anger, and in Thy wrath we are troubled." Bearing this in mind, it has become a habit with us to say that God thus conceived is not God at all, and to treat belief in God as equivalent to a belief in something beyond these appearances, something which gives the preponderance to good and makes the evil evanescent in com-

parison with it. If we cannot grasp this belief in something beyond, it is thought that what is visible on the face of the Universe is a mere nightmare. "Call it God, if you will; but it is a God upon whose face no man can look and live; from such a God it is well to turn away our eyes. What is the *use* of such a God?"

But meanwhile He is there. Though the heart aches to contemplate Him, He is there. Can we turn our eyes away from Him? In which direction should we turn them?

And yet no doubt it is quite possible to look upon the Universe and see no such Being. It is possible to think only of each thing as it comes, and to refrain from viewing them in the whole which they constitute. By viewing all things continually "in disconnection dull and spiritless," we may relieve our minds of the burden of a thought too vast for them. This course is possible, and even has its advantages; but it is only possible in the same way as it is possible to narrow our minds, to retrograde into a past stage of development, and the advantages it offers are of the same sort as those which barbarism offers in comparison with civilization. For a mind of any force or compass it is scarcely possible; at least, if it is possible to remain a stranger to the conception altogether, it is scarcely possible to lose it after having been once enlightened, after having once admitted a conception which so rapidly modifies the mind into which it enters.

But is this conception really so efficacious to modify the mind? Is it not too large and vague? Or if its power over minds in a certain stage cannot be denied, if the wonderful effect it has had, even in its rudest shape, over the nations that have been converted to Mohammedanism must be acknowledged, yet is there any reason to believe that it can exert any influence over minds sobered by knowledge and inductive science? The question here, be it observed, is not whether practical results are to be expected from such direct contemplation of God in Nature. This question we have considered before; we have seen that the practical result to be expected is nothing less than that reign of science which is announced in these days as the greatest of revolutions. The question is not now of theology but of religion. It is whether this practical devotion to Nature is to be attended with any worship, any exalted condition of the imagination and feelings. This seems often to be denied both by the friends and by the enemies of the scientific movement. The former often take for granted that worship belongs only to God considered as a supernatural Being, and that God in this sense is exploded by science. The latter represent that God, viewed in Nature alone, appears so awful, so devoid of moral perfections, as to be no proper object of worship.

Unquestionably there is some real foundation for this latter view. That God is too awful to be worshipped has been at times almost admitted by those who have worshipped Him most. Prophets used to speak of entering into the rocks and hiding in the dust for fear of Him. It is only because they were able to perceive dimly that which reassured them, that which mitigated the terror and made the greatness less insufferable, that religious men have been able to retain religious feelings. But for this they would have felt nothing but a stony stupefaction; they would have armed their hearts with callousness, and have encountered life with stoic apathy. Religious men have always been in

danger of that scorching of the brain which leads to fanaticism and inhumanity. It is not without danger that the brain tampers with so vast a conception, as on the other hand it can only keep aloof from it by resigning itself to a contemptible littleness. What means there are of escaping this danger is a separate question, but as soon as it is escaped, terror and astonishment pass at once into worship. Meanwhile, I can find no reason why the most exclusive votary of science should not worship. On the contrary, I think it clear that worship, if we may fairly use that word in the sense of infinite admiration and absorbing wonder, will increase in proportion as science is diffused, and that it can only be endangered by too great division of labour among scientific men. Not because there is no God to worship is science tempted to renounce worship, but it may be tempted by the necessity of concentration, by the absorbing passion of analysis, by prudential limitation of the sphere of study, by a mistaken fear of the snares of the imagination.

I might quote many distinct declarations made by scientific men of the tendency of the contemplation of Nature to excite worship. But it can be shown by a more conclusive proof. Worship expresses itself naturally in poetry. And again where a deity is recognized there are votaries, there are those who dedicate their lives to the worship of him. Now, is it true that God viewed in Nature has received the homage of no poetry? Is it true that Nature has made no votaries, has inspired no one? Has the Universe always appeared either so awful as to shut the mouths of those who contemplated it, or, on the other hand, so devoid of unity as to excite no single or distinct feeling?

It would certainly be of little use to say, Here is God—worship Him! to those at least who have been gazing upon the object all their lives, and yet have seen nothing to worship there; unless we could show historically that the same contemplation has led others to worship. But surely this is easy.

Ever since the worship of God founded too exclusively on supernaturalism began to be dulled by scepticism, a counter movement has been going on, reviving and re-establishing the worship of God in Nature. As I have maintained that the scientific movement so far from being properly atheistic, is in fact the setting up of a new theology, so let me point out that all modern poetry and art, particularly where it has appeared most hostile to the Church, has pointed towards a new form of religion, towards a new worship of God. How striking a phenomenon is the appearance, since the middle of the last century, of the word Nature in all theories of literature and art.

As worship always finds its expression in Art, calling in Architecture to design the temples of its Divinity and Painting to embellish them, and invoking Him by the aid of the poet and of the musical composer, so, on the other hand, art is never inspired by anything but worship. The true artist is he who worships, for worship is habitual admiration. It is the enthusiastic appreciation of something, and such enthusiastic appreciation is the qualification without which an artist cannot even be conceived. Wherever, therefore, art is, there is religion; but the religion may be what has been described above as Pagan. It may be a mere appreciation of material and individual beauty. To become religion in the high sense, it must appreciate the unity in things; and even of such religion there is a higher and a lower form. The lower form is that which, while it perceives a unity in nature, yet takes at the same time an inadequate view of nature, not including in its view, or not making sufficiently prominent, what is highest in nature—that is, morality. Such religion may be said to worship a mere Jove; but if morality receives its due place, such religion is, in a worthy sense, the worship of God. Now, there took place towards the end of the last century a remarkable revolution in art. For the first time artists began to perceive the unity of what they contem-

plated; and for the first time, in consequence, they began to feel that their pursuit was no desultory amusement, but an elevating worship. It never entered into the mind of the poets of the seventeenth century, of a Corneille or a Dryden; perhaps it was not clearly conceived even by a Shakespeare or a Milton, that their function as artists was the worship of Nature. This conception belongs to the age of Goethe and Wordsworth, and it has had very manifestly the effect of increasing the self-respect of artists ever since. But this fact, so conspicuous upon the page of recent history, is the best answer to the question whether God considered purely in Nature is an object of worship. No terror, and still less any hopeless incomprehensibility in Nature, prevented these poets from rendering a worship by which their own lives were dignified, and in a manner hallowed.

I might quote many names from many countries in illustration of this, for it was characteristic of that age that everywhere the men of sensibility, the artists, and especially the poets, as using the instrument of greatest compass, assumed a high and commanding tone. The function of the prophet was then revived, and poets for the first time aspired to teach the art of life, and founded schools. The greatest poets in earlier times had aimed at nothing of this sort; but from the time of Rousseau, through that of Goethe, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and almost to our own times, poets have helped to make opinions, have influenced philosophy, social institutions, and politics. But let us think for a moment of the two greatest of these names.

Goethe was not, it may be, admirable in morality; but he was, nevertheless, a religious man. There is no necessary connection between religion and morality; and, as I have just pointed out, one form of religion, and that not the lowest, takes little account of morality. It does not follow because the religion which is combined with morality is immeasurably better, that the non-

moral religion is unreal or hypocritical, nor yet that it is valueless. It may be greatly better than no religion at all. Goethe's religion seems to me to have been a very real and a very powerful principle. It gave unity and dignity to his life. It made it life in the true sense—that is, a perpetual regulated energy of the feelings. God in Nature was the object of his worship. Not this or that class of phenomena, but the unity that is visible in all was the thought that possessed him. He felt, as he says, the whole six days' work go on within him. To know this by science, and to realise, appropriate, and assimilate it in art, was the labour and happiness of his life. When I call this perpetual rapt contemplation by the name of religion, I am not interpreting his feelings into a new language. I am using his own language; it is Goethe himself who calls it so. Who has science and art, he says, has religion.

It is not altogether true that this religion did not act as a moral stimulus or restraint upon him. It was the spring of an indefatigable industry, and industry is a virtue. Little-mindedness, frivolity, sordid devotion to money, are vices; and his religion raised him high above all such temptations. But it is true that the idea of duty and self-sacrifice appears not to be very sacred in his mind—rather, perhaps, to be irritating, embarrassing, odious to him. Only I cannot see that this was in any degree owing to the pantheistic character of his religion. It seems to me quite possible to think of God as an immanent cause, or not to raise the question of the manner of His relation to the universe, and yet to pay a due homage to morality. If Goethe thought of God mainly as the source of beauty, and did not much associate the ideas of duty or of self-sacrifice with Him, this seems to me owing simply to some misfortune in his experience or character which in some measure blinded him to the true greatness of those ideas. Had he realised the moral side of the universe as strongly as he did the other sides, assuredly his idea of God would have

been raised proportionally. His pantheism would not have prevented this—rather, it would have necessitated it. He who identifies God with the universe will assuredly not omit from his idea of God that which he thinks greatest in the universe.

But the saint of this religion is Wordsworth. Up to a certain point these two poets agree in their way of regarding the universe. Both begin with a warm and perfectly healthy Paganism. They refuse worship to nothing that has a right to it. Their sympathies take hold of everything, and that with so much warmth, that their poems have made the old mythologies intelligible to us, and brought back the days of nymphs and river gods. Again, they agree in setting the whole above the parts, in worshipping the unity of things much more than the things themselves. Their service of adoration rises gradually to the highest object, and closes in the Hebrew manner with, "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O God." But the feebleness in handling the conception of duty, which we notice in Goethe, is not to be remarked in Wordsworth. No poet can be named more austere in his morality than this worshipper of Nature. If it is just to call him a pantheist, all that can be said is: In that case pantheism has not the effect commonly attributed to it of cutting the sinews of virtue.

I have said that Goethe's religion had a salutary effect upon his life. Of Wordsworth's religion, surely much more may be said. Religious people have a curious habit of refusing to take it seriously. 'Oh, yes!' they say, 'he made for himself a sort of poetical religion,' and they imply that it had no more reality than the conventional heathenism of the classical school, or the Arcadia of modern pastoral. Most of them would be utterly disconcerted to hear him called the most religious man, and the greatest reviver of religion of his age. And yet it is surely somewhat unsatisfactory to account for the religiousness of his poetry by the conventionalism of poetic language, when we

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consider that he was precisely the reformer who put down this conventionalism, and gave new life to poetry by making it sincere. And without denying that even he might not always escape the temptation to exaggeration which besets all those whose trade is in words, there is quite as much evidence of the general sincerity of Wordsworth's religion as there is of that of any other eminent religious teacher. All religious teachers alike must necessarily deal much in words, and almost all will occasionally overstate their feelings. Here is a description of Wordsworth, drawn from the personal observation of one who was perfectly aware of all his foibles. Let the reader judge whether this description of the man as he was does not correspond to a very unusual and wonderful degree with that which might be drawn by conjecture from his poems:—"The Recluse of the Lakes," who loved the 'life removed,' would direct himself to the painstaking investigation of Nature's smallest secrets, would halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses, or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that *I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, which I had rudely desecrated.* His eyes would fill with tears, and his voice falter, as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. *Nor did his reflections die out in maukish sentiment; they lay 'too deep for tears,'* and as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards His creatures, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of Nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to Nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers."

It seems strange to refuse to think of this man as religious, and yet to think, for example, of Keble as a saint, whose poetry frequently bears the appearance of having been written not so much to express what he felt as in hopes of feeling what he expressed, and who himself accused his own *Christian Year* of unreality. It would be hard to find in hagiography better evidences of genuine piety than can be found in the life of Wordsworth.

But another thing conceals from us the saintliness of this character. It is that Wordsworth's life was not passed in philanthropic undertakings, that he made no great sacrifices of money or labour, and that his happiness was enormous and never clouded. Here again his lot has been similar to that of Goethe, who has lost men's sympathies, partly because he was exempt from suffering. Wordsworth's prosperity was of a much more modest kind, but it was equally uniform. Neither of these men knew much of the darker side of human life. Goethe, we know, shunned the sight of whatever was painful with a care that may be thought selfish or effeminate, particularly when it is considered in connection with the moral laxity which pervades his works. Wordsworth had none of this Epicureanism; but, accustomed as we are to picture the saint as in the very thick of human misery, as surrounded with distresses with which he identifies himself, and which he devotes his life to comforting or remedying, we do not readily imagine it possible for a saint to pass his life in a perpetual course of lonely enjoyment as Wordsworth did among the lakes and mountains, the objects of his passion. It may be worth a paragraph or two to consider the soundness of this impression.

Let us then remark that if Wordsworth knew nothing of sacrifice and sorrow, it was mainly because he had, in his religion, a talisman against both. The complete absence of wealth, and of the prospect of wealth would have been a severe trial to most Englishmen. It would have cost most people anxiety,

discontent ; it would have led many literary men to unworthy compliances with the taste of the age, to writing bad books and too many of them. If it brought no suffering and no temptation to Wordsworth, if it never clouded his happiness for an instant, this was not good luck but a victory over evil, won so completely that there remain no traces of the conflict. That art of plain living, which moralists in all ages have prized so much, was mastered completely by Wordsworth. He found the secret of victory where alone it can be found. He sacrificed the wealth that is earned by labour, trade, speculation in exchange for the wealth that is given away. Others might purchase and hoard and set up fences, calling it property, to exclude others from enjoyment. To his share fell, what all alike may take, all those things that have no economical value, and that are therefore denied to industry, air and sunshine, in short the goodly universe to which "he was wedded in love and holy passion." It is impossible to avoid rhetorical language in describing what nevertheless is no imaginary moral attainment, but one well-attested as much by the ridicule of his detractors as by his own assertions.

As of sacrifice, so of adversity. He was no stranger to it ; only he triumphed completely over it. What greater calamity can befall a man than to fail in his vocation, to be unappreciated, to see his highest efforts unsuccessful ? Wordsworth's failure was such as has driven many men to suicide, many to settled despondency, many to cynicism, and many to abandonment of their enterprise. Had he been a rich man it might not have been surprising that he should indulge his taste for a good while even in defiance of public ridicule. Had he been intoxicated with self-conceit, his perseverance would have been none the less wonderful, but it would not have been admirable or virtuous. But taking all the circumstances together, considering that the estimate he formed of his own merits was rational, that he was a poor man,

that the ignorant contempt of the public for his performances continued unshaken for the greater part of his life, and was ratified by the most authoritative critics, we cannot but consider it an extraordinary proof of the power of character to prevail over circumstances that so much injustice, such brutal dullness in his countrymen, should not have affected for a moment his happiness or his temper, or the soundness of his judgment. But this force of character came to him from his religion. From the Eternal Being among whose mountains he wandered, there came to his heart steadfastness, stillness, a sort of reflected or reproduced eternity.

No word should be said against the philanthropic life, against the Christian sympathy that seeks out distress, and bestows time and trouble upon the relief of it. But assuredly there are great works which need to be done, yet cannot be done without solitude and concentration, such as cannot be combined with what is commonly called philanthropy. There is a tale about Martha and Mary. Our ancestors may have been too monastic in their notions of the religious life, but perhaps there was something in the notion of the hermit ; more things certainly are done by solitary worship than the world dreams of. If work is worship, it is implied in this proverb that worship is at least work. It was not for nothing that our "glorious eremite" sacrificed work for worship ; that the Symeon Stylites of the God in nature, stood there so long "on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake." No other modern Englishman has done so much to redeem us from vulgarity ; no other life that has recently been led in this country has so fresh and real a sacredness.

Wordsworth was not only a worshipper of God in nature ; he was also a Christian. This may be urged to show that his case is no proof that God considered simply in nature is an object of worship. It may be thought that the rapture Wordsworth felt in the contemplation of the universe would have been chilled, that it would have given

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way to a cold, uneasy amazement very different from worship, had not his mind been filled with prepossessions drawn from Christianity. Though his attitude towards the Christian religion was rather that of tranquil reverential assent, than of enthusiastic conviction, still his Christian belief may have sufficed to give his view of the universe a touch of optimism. The evil that is in the universe may have made the less impression on him, and seemed more evanescent and accidental than it would otherwise have seemed, because of his Christian doctrine of redemption and reconciliation. Had he taken an impartial, unprejudiced view of the universe as it actually presents itself to us he would have seen, it may be thought, evil balancing good, and equally inherent in the nature of things, and would have felt no disposition to worship.

This, however, is not the conclusion which is justified by Wordsworth's poetry. He always declares that his optimism came to him from nature itself. He takes pains, again and again, to make it clear that revealed religion does not seem to him to supply a defect in natural religion, but only, one would really think somewhat superfluously, to tell over again, and to his mind less impressively, what is told by nature. The doctrine of a future life, which he calls "the head and mighty paramount of truths," is at the same time, he says, to one who lives among the mountains a perfectly plain tale. He reverences the volume that declares the mystery, the life that cannot die; but in the mountains does he feel his faith,—which means, beyond mistake, that the gospel of the visible universe is not only in harmony with the written gospel, but is far more explicit and convincing. There may, perhaps, be something embarrassed and confused in the joining of his views, but this only makes the strength and depth of his natural religion appear more clearly.

And yet it is not the "argument from design" which influences Wordsworth, though he may have accepted

that argument, and occasionally urged it himself. It was not upon curious evidence industriously collected, and slightly overweighing when summed up the evidence which could be produced on the other side, that his faith was founded. Nature, taken in the large, inspired him with faith, because the contemplation of it filled him with a happiness his mind could scarcely contain—a happiness which easily, and without the least effort, "overcame the world." As the scepticism of most men is founded upon their experience that the universe does *not* supply their wants, does *not* seem to have in view their happiness, so the faith of Wordsworth was founded upon his own happy contrary experience. He has unbounded trust in Nature, because he has always found her outrunning his expectations, overpaying every loss, unfathomably provident and beneficent. Wordsworth often speaks bitterly of experimental science, and hence it is easy to conclude that he was conscious that his view of nature would not bear examination. But if we look at the passages, we shall see that he is influenced by a very different feeling. He is not one who loves the vague and sentimental; he is remarkable for the distinctness of all his conceptions. A very similar worship of Nature led Goethe to a passionate study of natural science. What Wordsworth is afraid of is the injury that may come to the imagination from considering things in isolation and disconnection. Assuredly his fear was not unreasonable. Every study is in constant danger of being degraded by specialists. The eye of science is apt to get intensely and morbidly concentrated, not upon objects, but parts or points of objects. The ardour for knowledge and discovery leads men to forget that things do not exist merely that they may be known, or named, or classified; still less dissected. Such men, when their habit of mind has grown fixed, destroy everything that they may analyze it. They do not merely, like Apollonius in Lamia, detect what is unreal; there are philosophers whose eye kills the

truest and most real beauty. To them Sophocles falls into a mere heap of Greek Iambics; *Paradise Lost* "proves nothing." They have decomposed a wife's tears, and found them to consist of so much mucus, so much water, so much &c.<sup>1</sup> As they destroy unity in whatever they contemplate, so, when they contemplate the universe, they appear as atheists; for they contemplate it always in detail or by particular, and never as a whole. These are the men of science that Wordsworth has in view. It is not their analysis in itself that he objects to; it is not truth of any kind that offends him. He welcomes truth, whatever prepossessions may be shocked by it. This may be seen in his reflections on Niebuhr's destructive criticism of the legends of Rome. What offends him is not that they analyze, but that they do nothing but analyze. And who is there that will deny that this is a real and a great evil? Who will deny that all the play of life and feeling depends upon the large unities which we are able to apprehend, and which work upon our natures, and not upon the invisible elements into which science may be able to analyze them? Human life is gone, if, instead of friends, relations, &c.—instead of men, women, and children, we think of pounds of flesh, pints of blood, so much albumen, so much lime. Wordsworth had the same feeling about the unities of the inanimate world. To him the sea was the sea, and not merely so much water; it was a mighty being. To him this was a very different thing from personification, though often accompanied with it. If it was a play of poetic feeling, yet he held that such poetic feeling was only human feeling a little heightened, and that upon such feeling all virtue and all happiness depend. Above all, he prized the highest unity. It was those who had no God, in whose minds

nothing bound together the whole multitude of impressions that visit us, and whose feelings therefore had no coherence or unity, that he denounced as men who

"Viewing all things unremittingly,  
In disconnexion dull and spiritless,  
Break down all grandeur; still unsatisfied  
With the perverse attempt while littleness  
May yet become more little."

The result of the movement in art which was represented abroad by Goethe, and in England principally by Wordsworth, is still plainly perceptible both in the art and even to some extent in the religion of the present age. An age which is called atheistic, and in which atheism is loudly professed, shows in all its imaginative literature a religiousness—a sense of the Divine which was wanting in the more orthodox ages. Before Church traditions had been freely tested, there was one rigid way of thinking of God—one definite channel through which Divine grace alone could pass—the channel guarded by the Church He had founded. "As if they would confine the Interminable, and tie Him to His own prescript!" Accordingly, when doubt was thrown upon the doctrines of the Church, there seemed an imminent danger of atheism, and we have still the habit of denoting by this name the denial of that conception of God which the Church has consecrated. But by the side of this gradual obscuring of the ecclesiastical view of God, there has gone on a gradual rediscovery of Him in another aspect. The total effect of this simultaneous obscuration of one part of the orb and revelation of the other has been to set before us God in an aspect rather more Judaic than Christian. We see Him less as an object of love, and more as an object of terror, mixed with delight. Much indeed has been lost—it is to be hoped not finally—but something also has been gained. For the modern views of God, so far as they go, have a reality—a freshness that the others wanted. In orthodox times the name of God was

<sup>1</sup> "Tiens, dit-il, en voyant les pleurs de sa femme, j'ai décomposé les larmes. Les larmes contiennent un peu de phosphate de chaux, de chlorure de sodium, du mucus et de l'eau."—BALZAC, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*.

almost confined to definitely religious writings, or was used as part of a conventional language. But now, either under the name of God, or under that of Nature, or under that of Science, or under that of Law, the conception works freshly and powerfully in a multitude of minds. It is an idea indeed that causes much unhappiness, much depression. Men now reason with God as Job did, or feel crushed before Him as Moses, or wrestle with Him as Jacob, or blaspheme Him; they do not so easily attain the Christian hope. But with whatever confusion and astonishment,

His presence is felt really and not merely asserted in hollow professions; it inspires poetry much more than in orthodox times. A Kingsley looks at the world with the eyes of a Psalmist much more than any poet in those times could. And if men can add once more the Christian confidence to the Hebraic awe, the Christianity that will result will be of a far higher kind than that which passes too often for Christianity now, which, so far from being love added to fear, and casting out fear, is a presumptuous and effeminate love that never knew fear.

*To be continued.*



## THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

## CHAPTER XI.

CICELY St. JOHN was not in the least beautiful. The chief charm she had, except her youthful freshness, was the air of life, activity, and animation which breathed about her. Dulness, idleness, weariness, languor were almost impossible to the girl—impossible, at least, except for the moment. To be doing something was a necessity of her nature, and she did that something so heartily, that there was nothing irritating in her activity. Life (but for bills and debts, and the inaction of others) was a pleasure to her. Her perpetual motion was so easy and pleasant and harmonious, that it jarred upon nobody. When she came out, suddenly stepping from the dining-room window, all the sweetness of the morning seemed to concentrate in this one figure, so bright, so living, so full of simple power; and this, after the sombre agitation and distress in which she had been enveloped on the previous night, was the most extraordinary revelation to the stranger, who did not know Cicely. He could scarcely believe it was the same, any more than a man could believe a sunshiny, brilliant summer morning to be the same as the pallid, rainy troubled dawn which preceded the sun-rising. Cicely had been entirely cast down in the evening; every way of escape seemed to have closed upon her; she was in despair. But the night had brought counsel, as it so often does; and to-day she had risen full of plans and resolutions and hopes, and was herself again, as much as if there were no debts in her way, as if her father's position was as sure and stable as they had all foolishly thought it. The moment she came into this little group in the garden its character changed. Two poor little startled babies gazing at a man who understood nothing about them, and gazed back at them with a wonder as

great as their own, without any possible point on which they could come into contact: this is what the curious encounter had been. Mildmay, as thinking himself much the most advanced being, smiled at the children, and experienced a certain amusement in their bewildered, helpless looks; yet he was not a bit wiser in knowledge of them, in power to help them, in understanding of their incomplete natures, than they were in respect to him. But when Cicely stepped out, the group grew human. Whatever was going to be done, or said, she was the one capable of doing or saying. Her light, firm step rang on the gravel with a meaning in it; she comprehended both the previously helpless sides of the question, and made them into a whole. Her very appearance had brightness and relief in it. The children (as was natural and proper) were swathed in black woollen frocks, trimmed with crape, and looked under their black hats like two little black mushrooms, with their heads tilted back. Cicely, too, possessed decorous mourning for poor Mrs. St. John; but at home, in the morning, Mab and she considered it sufficient in the circumstances to wear black and white prints, in which white predominated, with black ribbons; so that her very appearance agreed with the sunshine. May would have suited her perhaps better than August, but still she was like the morning, ready for whatever day might bring. Mildmay saluted her with a curious sensation of surprise and pleasure; for this was the one, he perceived at once, who had looked at him with so much hostility—and the change in her was very agreeable. Even the children were moved a little. Charley's mouth widened over his thumb with a feeble smile, and Harry took his gaze from Mildmay to fix it upon her, and

murmured, "Zat's Cicely," getting over her name with a run, and feeling that he had achieved a triumph. Little Annie, the nursemaid, however, who was jealous of the sisters, appeared at this moment, and led her charges away.

"Funny little souls!" Mildmay said, looking after them; then fearing he might have offended his hostess, and run the risk of driving her back into her former hostility, he said something hastily about the garden, which, of course, was the safest thing to do.

"Yes, it is a nice garden," said Cicely; "at least, you will be able to make it very nice. We have never taken enough trouble with it, or spent enough money upon it, which means the same thing. You are very fond of the country, Mr. Mildmay?"

"Am I?" he said. "I really did not know."

"Of country amusements, then—riding, and that sort of thing? We are quite near the race-ground, and this, I believe, is a very good hunting country."

"But these are not clerical amusements, are they?" he said, laughing; "not the things one would choose a parish for?"

"No; certainly papa takes no interest in them: but then he is old; he does not care for amusement at all."

"And why should you think amusement is my great object? Do I look so utterly frivolous?" said Mildmay, piqued.

"Nay," said Cicely, "I don't know you well enough to tell how you look. I only thought perhaps you had some reason for choosing Brentburn out of all the world; perhaps love of the country, as I said; or love for—something. It could not be croquet—which is the chief thing in summer—for that you could have anywhere," she added, with a nervous little laugh.

"I hope, Miss St. John, there are other motives—"

"Oh, yes, many others. You might be going to be married, which people say is a very common reason; but indeed you must not think I am prying.

It was only—curiosity. If you had not some object," said Cicely, looking at him with a wistful glance, "you would never leave Oxford, where there is society and books and everything any one can desire, to come here."

"You think that is everything any one could desire?" he said smiling, with a flattered sense of his superiority—having found all these desirable things too little to content him—over this inexperienced creature. "But, Miss St. John, you forget the only motive worth discussing. There is a great deal that is very pleasant in Oxford—society, as you say, and books, and art, and much besides; but I am of no use to anyone there. All the other people are just as well educated, as well off, as good, or better than I am. I live only to enjoy myself. Now, one wants more than that. Work, something to exercise one's highest faculties. I want to do something for my fellow-creatures; to be of a little use. There must be much to do, much to improve, much to amend in a parish like this—"

A rapid flush of colour came to Cicely's face. "To improve and amend!" she said quickly. "Ah! you speak at your ease, Mr. Mildmay—in a parish where papa has been working for twenty years!"

Mildmay gave her a startled, wondering look. To be thus interrupted while you are riding, full tilt, your favourite hobby, is very confusing. He scarcely took in the meaning of the words "working for twenty years."

"Twenty years—all my lifetime and more; and you think you can mend it all at once like an old shoe!" cried Cicely, her cheeks flaming. Then she said, subduing herself, "I beg your pardon. What you say is quite right, I know."

But by this time her words began to take their proper meaning to his mind. "Has Mr. St. John been here so long?" he said. "I hope you don't think I undervalue his work. I am sure it must have been better than anything I with my inexperience can do; but yet—"

"Ah! you will learn; you are

young; and we always think we can do better than the old people. I do myself often," said Cicely, under her breath.

"I did not mean anything so presumptuous," he said; "indeed, I did not know. I thought of myself, as one does so often without being aware—I hope you will not form a bad opinion of me, Miss St. John. I accepted the living for the sake of the work, not for any smaller motive. Books and society are not life. It seemed to me that to instruct one's fellow-creatures so far as one can, to help them as far as one can, to bring a higher ideal into their existence—"

Cicely was bewildered by this manner of speech. She did not quite understand it. No one had ever spoken to her of a high ideal; a great deal had been said to her one time and another about doing her duty, but nothing of this. She was dazzled, and yet half contemptuous, as ignorance so often is. "A high ideal for the poor folk in the village, and Wilkins the grocer, and old Mrs. Joel with her pigs!" she cried mocking; yet while she said it, she blushed for herself.

Mildmay blushed too. He was young enough to be very sensitive to ridicule, and to know that high ideals should not be rashly spoken of except to sympathetic souls. "Why not," he said, "for them as well as for others?" then stopped between disappointment and offence.

"Ah!" said Cicely, "you don't know the village people. If you spoke to them of high ideals, they would only open their mouths and stare. If it was something to make a little money by, poor souls! or to get new boots for their children, or even to fatten the pigs. Now you are disgusted, Mr. Mildmay; but you don't know how poor the people are, and how little time they have for anything but just what is indispensable for living." As she said this, Cicely's eyes grew wistful, and filled with moisture. The young man thought it was an angelical pity for the poverty and sufferings of others; but I fear the girl

was at that moment thinking of what lay before herself.

"Miss St. John," he said, "when you feel for them so deeply, you must sympathize with me too. The harder life is, has it not the more need of some clear perception of all the higher meanings in it? If it is worth while to be a clergyman at all, this is the use, it seems to me, to which we should put ourselves; and for that reason—"

"You are coming to Brentburn!" cried Cicely. The tears disappeared from her eyes, dried by the flush of girlish impatience and indignation that followed. "As if they were all heathens; as if no one else had ever taught them—and spent his time and strength for them! Out of your Latin and Greek, and your philosophy, and your art, and all those fine things, you are coming to set a high ideal before poor Sally Gillows, whose husband beats her, and the Hodges, with their hundreds of children, and the hard farmers and the hard shopkeepers that grind the others to the ground. Well!" she said, coming rapidly down from this indignant height to a half disdainful calm, "I hope you will find it answer, Mr. Mildmay. Perhaps it will do better than papa's system. He has only told them to try and do their best, poor souls! to put up with their troubles as well as they could, and to hope that some time or other God would send them something better either in this world or another. I don't think papa's way has been very successful, after all," said Cicely, with a faint laugh; "perhaps yours may be the best."

"I think you do me injustice," said Mildmay, feeling the attack so unprovoked that he could afford to be magnanimous. "I have never thought of setting up my way in opposition to Mr. St. John's way. Pray do not think so. Indeed, I did not know, and could not think—"

"Of papa at all!" cried Cicely, interrupting him as usual. "Why should you? No, no, it was not you who ought to have thought of him. You never heard his name before, I sup-

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"And if I have entered into this question," he continued, "it was to show you that I had not at least mere petty personal motives."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay. I had no right to inquire into your motives at all."

Mildmay was not vain; but he was a young man, and this was a young woman by his side, and it was she who had begun a conversation much too personal for so slight an acquaintance. When he thought of it, it was scarcely possible to avoid a touch of amiable complacency in the evident interest he had excited. "Nay," he said, with that smile of gratified vanity which is always irritating to a woman, "your interest in them can be nothing but flattering to me—though perhaps I may have a difficulty in understanding—"

"Why I am so much interested? Mr. Mildmay!" cried Cicely, with her eyes flashing, "don't you think if any one came to you to take your place, to turn you out of your home, to banish you from everything you have ever known or cared for, and send you desolate into the world—don't you think you would be interested too? Don't you think you would wonder over him, and try to find out what he meant, and why this thing was going to be done, and why—oh, what am I saying?" cried Cicely, stopping short suddenly, and casting a terrified look at him. "I must be going out of my senses. It is not that, it is not that I mean!"

Poor Mildmay looked at her aghast. The flash of her eyes, the energy of her words, the sudden change to paleness and horror when she saw how far she had gone, made every syllable she uttered so real, that to pass it over as a mere ebullition of girlish temper or feeling was impossible; and there was something in this sudden torrent of reproach—which, bitter as it was, implied nothing like personal, intentional wrong on his part—which softened as well as appalled him. The very denunciation was an appeal. He stood thunderstruck, looking at her,

but not with any resentment in his eyes. "Miss St. John," he said, almost tremulously, "I don't understand. This is all strange—all new to me."

"Forget it," she said hastily. "Forgive me, Mr. Mildmay, when I ask your pardon! I did not think what I was saying. Oh, don't think of it any more!"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said; "but you will tell me more? Indeed I am not angry—how could I be angry?—but most anxious to know."

"Cicely," said the Curate's gentle voice from the window, "it is time for prayers, and we are all waiting for you. Come in, my dear." Mr. St. John stood looking out with a large prayer-book in his hand. His tall figure, with a slight wavering of constitutional feebleness and age in it, filled up one side of the window, and at his feet stood the two babies, side by side as usual, their hats taken off, and little white pinafores put on over their black frocks, looking out with round blue eyes. There was no agitation about that placid group. The little boys were almost too passive to wonder, and it had not occurred to Mr. St. John as possible that anything calculated to ruffle the countenance or the mind could have been talked of between his daughter and his guest. He went in when he had called them, and took his seat at his usual table. Betsy and Annie stood by the great sideboard waiting for the family devotions, which Betsy, at least, having much to do, was somewhat impatient of; and Mab was making the tea, in order that it might be "drawn" by the time that prayers were over. The aspect of everything was so absolutely peaceful, that when Mr. Mildmay stepped into the room he could not but look at Cicely with a question in his eyes. She, her face flushed and her mouth quivering, avoided his eye, and stole away to her place at the breakfast-table behind. Mildmay, I am afraid, got little benefit by Mr. St. John's prayer. He could not even hear it for thinking. Was this true? and if it was true, what must he do? A perfect tempest raged

in the new Rector's bosom, while the old Curate read so calmly, unmoved by anything but the mild every-day devotion which was habitual to him. Secular things did not interfere with sacred in the old man's gentle soul, though they might well have done so, Heaven knows, had human necessities anything to do with human character. And when they rose from their knees, and took their places round the breakfast-table, Mildmay's sensations became more uncomfortable still. The girl who had denounced him as about to drive her from her home, made tea for him, and asked him if he took cream and sugar. The old man whom he was about to supplant placed a chair for him, and bade him take his place with genial kindness. Mr. Mildmay had been in the habit for the greater part of his life of thinking rather well of himself; and it is inconceivable how unpleasant it is when a man accustomed to this view of the subject, feels himself suddenly as small and pitiful as he did now. Mr. St. John had some letters, which he read slowly as he ate his egg, and Mabel also had one, which occupied her. Only Cicely and the stranger, the two who were not at ease with each other, were free to talk, and I don't know what either of them could have found to say.

The Curate looked up from his letter with a faint sigh, and pushed away the second egg which he had taken upon his plate unconsciously. "Cicely," he said, "this is a startling letter, though perhaps I might have been prepared for something of the kind. Mr. Chester's relations, my dear, write to say that they wish to sell off the furniture." Mr. St. John gave a glance round, and for a moment his heart failed him. "It is sudden; but it is best, I suppose, that we should be prepared."

"It was to be expected," said Cicely, with a little gasp. She grew paler, but exerted all her power to keep all signs of emotion out of her face.

"Sell the furniture?" said Mabel, with a laugh. "Poor old things! But who will they find to buy them?" Mabel

did not think at all of the inevitable departure which must take place before Mr. Chester's mahogany could be carried away.

"You will think it very weak," said poor Mr. St. John, "but I have been here so long that even the dispersion of the furniture will be something in the shape of a trial. It has seen so much. Of course, such a grievance is merely sentimental—but it affects one more than many greater things."

"I did not know that you had been here so long," said Mildmay.

"A long time—twenty years. That is a great slice out of one's life," said Mr. St. John. (He here thought better of a too hasty determination, and took back his egg.) "Almost all that has happened to me has happened here. Here I brought your mother home, my dears. Cicely is very like what her mother was; and here you were born, and here——"

"Oh, papa, don't go on like that odious Jessica and her lover, 'On such a night!'" said Cicely, with a forced laugh.

"I did not mean to go on, my dear," said the Curate, half aggrieved, half submissive; and he finished his egg with a sigh.

"But I wonder very much," said Mildmay, "if you will pardon me for saying so, why, when you have been here so long, you did not take some steps to secure the living. You must like the place, or you would not have stayed; and nobody would have been appointed over your head; it is impossible, if the circumstances had been known."

"My dear sir," said the Curate, with his kind smile, "you don't think I mean to imply any grudge against you! That would shut my mouth effectually. No, there are a great many reasons why I could not do anything. First, I did not know till a few days ago that the Rector was dead; he should have sent me word. Then I have grown out of acquaintance with all my friends. I have not budged out of Brentburn, except now and then to town for a day, these twenty years; and, besides all



this," he said, raising his head with simple grandeur, "I have never asked anything from anybody, and I hope I shall end my life so. A beggar for place or living I could never be."

Cicely, with her eyes fixed upon him with the most curious mixture of pride, wonder, humiliation, satisfaction, and shame, raised her head too, sharing this little lyrical outburst of the humble old man's self-consequence.

But Mab burst lightly in from the midst of her letter. "Don't boast of that, papa, please," she said. "I wish you had asked something and got it. I am sure it would have been much better for Cicely and me."

"My dear!" said Mr. St. John, with a half smile, shaking his head. It was all the reply he made to this light interruption. Then he resumed the former subject. "Take the letter, Cicely, and read it, and tell me what you think. It is grievous to think of a sale here, disturbing old associations. We must consult afterwards what is best to do."

"Papa," said Cicely, in a low voice full of agitation, "the best thing of all would be to settle now, while Mr. Mildmay is here; to find out when he wishes to come; and then there need be no more to put up with than is absolutely necessary. It is better to know exactly when we must go."

The Curate turned his mild eyes to the young man's face. There was a look of pain and reluctance in them, but of submission; and then he smiled to save the stranger's feelings. "It is hard upon Mr. Mildmay," he said, "to be asked this, as if we were putting a pistol to his head; but you will understand that we wish you every good, though we may be grieved to leave our old home."

Mildmay had been making a pretence at eating, feeling as if every morsel choked him. Now he looked up flushed and nervous. "I am afraid I have inadvertently said more than I meant," he said. "I don't think I have made up my mind beyond the possibility of change. It is not settled, as you think."

"Dear me," said Mr. St. John con-

cerned, "I am very sorry; I hope it is not anything you have heard here that has turned you against Brentburn? It is not a model parish, but it is no worse than other places. Cicely has been telling you about my troubles with those cottages; but, indeed, there is no parish in England where you will not have troubles of some kind—unwholesome cottages or other things."

"I said nothing about the cottages," said Cicely, with downcast looks. "I hope Mr. Mildmay does not mind anything I said. I say many things without thinking. It is very foolish, but it would be more foolish to pay any attention. I am sure you have often said so, papa."

"I?" said the Curate, looking at her disturbed countenance with some surprise. "No, I do not think you are one of the foolish talkers, my dear. It is a long story about these cottages; and, perhaps, I let myself be more worried than I ought. I will tell you all about it on the way to the Heath, for I think you ought to call on the Ascotts, if you will permit me to advise. They are the chief people about here. If you are ready, perhaps we should start soon; and you will come back and have some of our early dinner before you go?"

"I am ashamed to give so much trouble, to—receive so much kindness," said Mildmay, confused. He rose when Mr. St. John did, but he kept his eyes fixed upon Cicely, who kept her seat, and would not look at him. The Curate had various things to do before he was ready to start. He had his scattered memoranda to collect, and to get his note-book from his study, and yesterday's newspaper to carry to an old man in the village, and a book for a sick child, and I don't know how many trifles besides. "Papa's things are always all over the house," Mab cried, running from one room to another in search of them. Cicely generally knew exactly where to find all these properties which Mr. St. John searched for habitually with unfounded yet unalterable confidence in the large pockets of his long clerical coat. But Cicely still

kept her seat, and left her duties to her sister, her mind being full of other things.

"What is the matter with Cicely?" said Mab, running back with her hands full. "I have found them, but I don't know which of your pockets they belong to. This is the one for the note-book, and this is the one for the newspaper; but what does Cicely mean, sitting there like a log, and leaving everything to me?"

"Miss St. John," said Mildmay, in this interval, "may I come back as your father says? May we finish the conversation we began this morning? or is the very sight of me disagreeable to you? There are so many things I want to know."

Cicely got up suddenly, half impatient, half sad. "We are always glad to see any one whom papa asks," she said; "you must call it luncheon, Mr. Mildmay, but to us it is dinner; that makes the difference between Rector and Curate," she added, with a laugh.

## CHAPTER XII.

How brilliant was that August morning when the two men went out! the sky so blue and warm and full of sunshine, bending with friendly tenderness toward the luxuriant earth which it embraced, lost everywhere in soft distances, limits that were of the eye and not of the infinite melting space—showing through the foliage, opening out sweet and full over the breezy purpled common. The red cottage roofs, with all their lichens, shone and basked in the light; the apples reddened moment by moment, the yellow corn rustled and waved in every breath of air, conscious of the coming sickle. Everything was at its fullest blaze of colour; the trees more deeply green than usual, the sky of more profound and dazzling blue, the heather purple-royal, showing in its moorland flush against the russet-golden fields burning in the sun which gave them their last perfection of ripeness; and even the flowers in the gardens blazing their brightest to hide the fact from all men

that the sweetness and hope of the year were almost lost in that harvest and climax which touches upon decay, as everything does which is perfect. The sun was too fierce for anything but red burning geraniums and gaudy hollyhocks and rank dahlias. But the red old cottages at Brentburn were of themselves like growths of nature, with all their stains of moss, red and grey and yellow, relieved and thrown up by the waving greyness of the willows, that marked every spot of special dampness, and by the wealthy green woods that rolled away into the distance, into the sky. Everything is musical in such a morning; the very cackle of the ducks in that brown pond—how cool it looks to the dusty wayfarer!—takes a tone from the golden air; the slow roll of the leisurely cart along the country road; the voices from the cottages calling in full Berkshire drawl to Jyain or Jeo outside. A harmonious world it seemed, with nothing in it to jar or wound; the very air caressing every mother's son it met, blowing about the rags as if it loved them, conveying never a chill to the most poorly clad. How different was that broad outdoor satisfaction and fulness to the complainings and troubles inclosed by every set of four walls in the parish! Mildmay, as was natural, knew nothing about these nor suspected them; his spirits rose when he came out into the summer air—to walk along the cool side of the road in the shade, and watch the triumphant sunshine blazing over everything, leaving not an inch even of the common high road unglorified, brought a swell of pleasure to his heart he could not tell why.

"You must not come to a country parish with the idea that it is Arcadia," said Mr. St. John; "such ideas lead to a great deal of disappointment; but you must not let yourself be discouraged either. I don't think that Cicely knows all the outs and ins of the story about the cottages."

"Miss St. John said nothing about the cottages."

"Ah! I thought she had put you out of spirits; that would be foolish,"

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said the Curate kindly. "You see, Mr. Mildmay, everybody here thinks a great deal of a little money; it is so, I believe, in every small place; they have little, very little, Heaven knows; and somehow, when one is very poor, that gets to look of more importance than anything else. I don't say so from personal experience, though I have always been poor enough. My way, I am afraid, is to think too little of the money, not too much—which is, perhaps, as great a mistake the other way; but it is much easier, you know, to condemn those faults we have no mind to," Mr. St. John added, with a smile. The visit of an intelligent stranger had quite brightened the good man up, though it ought to have depressed him, according to all principles of good sense. The Curate forgot how much he himself must suffer from the change that was coming. Mildmay pleased him; he was deferential to his own grey hairs and long experience; he was willing to hear and apparently to take, his predecessor's opinion, and Mr. St. John liked the novelty, the new companion, the attentive listener. He walked on quite briskly, with the easy steps of a man to whom the way is so familiar that he does not need to pause to look where he is going. Now and then he would stop to point out a view, a glimpse of the distant forest, a slope opening down upon the lower level of the common, or even a pretty cottage; and one of them, a most picturesque refuge of misery, with tiny little casement windows bulging anyhow from the ruddy old wall, and a high roof of the most indescribable and beautiful mixture of tints, set him easily afloat again upon the subject of which his mind was full.

"Look at it!" he said; "it is a picture. If one could only clear them out and shut them up—or rather throw them open, that the winds of heaven might enter, but not our fellow-creatures, Mr. Mildmay! As I was saying, they are all poor here. The people think you do them an injury when you speak of anything that has to be paid for. Because I have tried to get the cottages put

into good repair, the arrangements made a little more decent, and the places fit to live in, more than two or three of the people have left the parish church. Yes, that is quite true—I thought Cicely must have told you—well-to-do people, who might have spared a few pounds well enough. It was a trial; but what of that? I have outlived it, and perhaps done a little good."

"The cottagers, at least, must have been grateful to you," said Mildmay; but the Curate shook his head.

"The cottagers thought I was only trying to get them turned out," he said. "They almost mobbed me once. I told them they should not take lodgers and lodgers till every room was crowded. They are as bad as the landlords; but, poor souls! it was easy to forgive them, for the shilling or two they gained was such an object to them. I thought it best to tell you; but there was really nothing in it, nothing to be annoyed about. It was soon over. You, a young man, need not be discouraged by any such episode as that."

"Mr. St. John, there is something which discourages me much more," said Mildmay. "When I came yesterday to see Brentburn, I did not know you at all. I had heard your name; that was all. I thought you were most likely a man of my own standing, or younger—"

"As a curate ought to be," said Mr. St. John, once more shaking his head. "Yes; I was saying to Cicely, it is almost a stigma upon a man to be a curate at my age; but so it is, and I cannot help it. Perhaps if I had not settled down so completely when I was young, if I had been more energetic; I feel that now—but what good does it do? it is too late now to change my nature. The children are the worst," he said, with a sigh, "for they must come upon the girls." Then recovering himself with a faint smile, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay, for going off with my own thoughts. You said it discouraged you. Do you mean my example? You must take it as a lesson and a warning, not as an example. I am very sensible it is my own fault."

"I came to supplant you, to take your place, to turn you out of your home," said Mildmay, finding it a kind of relief to his feelings to employ Cicely's words, "and you received me like a friend, took me into your house, made me sit at your table—"

The Curate was startled by his vehemence. He laughed, then looked at him half alarmed. "What should I have done else?" he said. "I hope you are a friend. Supplant me! I have been here a great deal longer than I had any right to expect. Of course, we all knew a new Rector would come. The girls, indeed, had vague notions about something that might be done—they did not know what, poor things! how should they? But of course from the first I was aware what must happen. No, no; you must not let *that* trouble you. I am glad, on the contrary, very glad, that the people are going to fall into hands like yours."

"Poor hands," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John, you may think it strange that I should say this; but it is you who ought to be the Rector, not me. You ought to stay here; I feel it. If I come after all, I shall be doing a wrong to the people and to you, and even to the Church, where such things should not be."

Once more Mr. St. John slowly shook his head; a smile came over his face; he held out his hand. "It is pleasant to hear you say it; somehow it is pleasant to hear you say it. I felt sure Cicely had been saying something to you this morning. But no, no; they would never have given me the living, and I should never have asked for it. As for a wrong, nobody will feel it a wrong; not myself, nor the Church, and the people here last of all."

"They must look upon you as their father," said Mildmay warmly. "Nothing else is possible. To them it is the greatest wrong of all."

"You speak like a—boy," said the Curate. "Yes, you speak like a kind, warm-hearted boy. The girls say the same kind of things. You are all young, and think of what ought to be, not of

what is. The people! The Church does not give them any voice in the matter, and it is just as well. Mr. Mildmay, I've been a long time among them. I've tried to do what I could for them. Some of them like me well enough; but the people have never forgotten that I was only Curate—not Rector. They have remembered it all these twenty years, when sometimes I was half tempted to forget it myself."

"Oh, sir, do not think so badly of human nature!" said Mildmay, almost with a recoil from so hard a judgment.

"Do I think badly of human nature? I don't feel that I do; and why should this be thinking badly? Which is best for them to have, a man who is well off, who is a real authority in the parish, whom the farmers and masters will stand in awe of, and who will be able to help them in trouble—or a poor man who has to struggle for himself, who has nothing to spare, and no great influence with any one? I shall feel it, perhaps, a little," said Mr. St. John, with a smile; "but it will be quite unreasonable to feel it. In a month you will be twice as popular in the parish as I am after twenty years."

"It is not possible!" said the young man.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Mildmay, a great many things are possible! The girls think like you. I suppose it is natural; but when you come to take everything into account—the only thing to have been desired was that I should have died before Mr. Chester; or, let us say that he should have outlived me, which sounds more cheerful. Come," said the Curate with an effort, "don't let us think of this. I hope you are a friend, Mr. Mildmay, as I said; but, as you say yourself, you are only a friend of yesterday, so why you should take my burden on your shoulders I don't know. I think we may venture to call on the Ascotts now. He is a little rough, or rather bluff, but a good man; and she is a little—fanciful," said the Curate, searching for a pleasant word, "but a kind woman. If you take to them, and they to you—"

"On what pretence should I go to see them, unsettled as I am about my future?" said Mildmay, hesitating.

The Curate looked at him with a smile. He rang the bell, then opened the door, which, like most innocent country doors, opened from the outside. Then he fixed his mild eyes upon the young man. He had some gentle insight in his way by right of his years and experience of life, simple-minded as he was. "You go as the new Rector—the best of introductions," he said, and led the way smiling. It was not difficult, perhaps, to see through the struggle in Mildmay's mind between his own wish and determination, and his sympathetic sense of the hardship involved to others. I think the Curate was quite right in believing that it was the personal inclination which would gain the day, and not the generous impulse; as, indeed, Mr. St. John fully recognized it ought to be.

Mr. Ascott was in his library, reading the newspaper, but with such an array of papers about him, as made that indulgence look momentary and accidental. He was not the squire of the parish, but he had a considerable landed property in the neighbourhood, and liked to be considered as holding that position. He received Mr. Mildmay, boldly introduced by the Curate as the new Rector, with the greatest cordiality. "I had not seen the appointment," he said, "but I am most happy to welcome you to the parish. I hope you like what you have seen of it! This is quite an agreeable surprise."

Mildmay found it very difficult to reply, for was not every word of congratulation addressed to him an injury to his companion, whose star must set as his rose? The Curate, however, showed no such feeling. His *amour propre* was quite satisfied by being the first to know and to present to the parish its new Rector. "Yes, I thought you would be pleased to hear at once," he said, with gentle complacency. "I would not let him pass your door."

"Poor Chester! This reminds me of him," said Mr. Ascott. "He came to

Brentburn in my father's time, when I was a young fellow at home fresh from the university. He was a very accomplished man. It was a pity he had such bad health. A parish gets out of order when it is without the proper authorities. Even a good deputy—and St. John, I am sure, has been the best of deputies—is never like the man himself."

"That is just what I have been saying," said Mr. St. John; but though he took it with great equanimity, it was less pleasant to him to hear this, than to say it himself. "I think I will leave you now," he added. "I have a great deal to do this morning. Mr. Ascott will tell you many things that will be really valuable, and at two o'clock or sooner we will expect you at the Rectory."

"It is a pity to trouble you and your girls, St. John. He can have some luncheon here. Mrs. Ascott will be delighted to see him."

"I shall be at the Rectory without fail," said Mildmay, with a sense of partial offence. He belonged to the Rectory, not to this complacent secular person. A certain *esprit de corps* was within him. If the rest of the world neglected the poor Curate, he at least would show that to him the old priest was the first person in the parish. "Or," he added, hesitating, "I will go with you now."

Mr. St. John did not wish this. He felt that he would be less at his ease with his poor people if conscious of this new man fresh from Oxford at his elbow. There might be, for anything he knew to the contrary, newfangled ways even of visiting the sick. To talk to them cheerily, kindly, as he had always done, might not fall in with the ideas of duty held by "high" schools of doctrine, of whatever kind. He went away plodding along the high road in the sultry noon, with a smile still upon his face, which faded, however, when the stimulus of Mildmay's company, and the gratification of presenting the stranger to the great people of the parish, had subsided. These circumstances were less exhilarating when



the Curate was alone, and had to remember Wilkins and all the outstanding bills, and the fact that the furniture in the Rectory was to be sold, and that Cicely that very night would ask him once more what he had made up his mind to do. What could he make up his mind to do? The very question, when he put it to himself merely, and when it was not backed up by an eager young face, and a pair of eyes blazing into him, was bewildering enough; it made the Curate's head go round and round. Even when he came to Brentburn twenty years ago it was not his own doing. Friends had found the appointment for him, and arranged all the preliminaries. Nothing had been left for him but to accept it, and he had accepted. And at that time he had Hester to fall back upon. But now to "look out for something," to apply for another curacy, to advertise and answer advertisements, describing himself and his capabilities—how was he to do it? He was quite ready to consent to anything, to let Cicely manage for him if she would; but to take the initiative himself! The very thought of this produced a nervous confusion in his mind which seemed to make an end of all his powers.

"You must come up stairs and see my wife," said Mr. Ascott. "She will be delighted to make your acquaintance. She has been a great deal in society, and I don't doubt you and she will find many people to talk about. As for me, I am but a country fellow, I don't go much into the world. When your interests are all in the country, why, stick to the country is my maxim; but my wife is fond of fine people. You and she will find a hundred mutual acquaintances in half-an-hour, you will see."

"But I am not fond of fine people—nor have I so many acquaintances."

"Oh, you Oxford dons know everybody. They all pass through your hands. Come along, it will be quite a pleasure for my wife to see you. Adelaide, I am bringing you some one who will be a surprise to you as well as

a pleasure. Mr. Mildmay, our new Rector, my dear."

"Our new Rector!" Mrs. Ascott said, with a subdued outcry of surprise. She was seated in a corner of a large light room with three or four large windows looking out upon a charming lawn and garden, beyond which appeared the tufted undulations of the common, and the smooth green turf and white posts of the race-ground. With a house like this, looking out upon so interesting a spot, no one need be surprised that Mrs. Ascott's fine friends "kept her up," and that for at least one week in the year she was as popular and sought after as any queen. Though it was only one week in the year, it had a certain influence upon her manners. She lived all the year through in a state of reflected glory from this brief but ever-recurring climax of existence. The air of conferring a favour, the look of gracious politeness, yet pre-occupation, which suited a woman overbalanced by the claims of many candidates for her hospitality, never departed from her. She gave that little cry of surprise just as she would have done had her husband brought a stranger to her to see if she could give him a bed for the race week. "I am delighted to make Mr. Mildmay's acquaintance," she said; "but, my dear, I thought there was going to be an effort made for poor Mr. St. John?" This was in a lower tone, as she might have said, "But there is only one spare room, and that I have promised to Mr. St. John." Her husband laughed.

"I told you, my dear, that was nonsense. What do ladies know of such matters? They talked of some foolish petition or other to the Lord Chancellor, as if the Lord Chancellor had anything to do with it! You may be very thankful you had me behind you, my dear, to keep you from such a foolish mistake. No; Mr. Mildmay has it, and I am very glad. The dons have done themselves credit by their choice, and we are in great luck. I hope you will not be like your predecessor, Mr. Mildmay, and take a dislike to the parish. We must

do our best, Adelaide, to prevent that."

"Indeed, I hope so," said the lady. "I am sure I am delighted. I think I have met some relations of yours, Mr. Mildmay—the Hamptons of Thornbury? Yes; I felt sure I had heard them mention you. You recollect, Henry, they lunched with us here the year before last, on the cup day? They came with Lady Teddington—charming people. And you know all the Teddingtons, of course? What a nice family they are! We see a great deal of Lord Charles, who is often in this neighbourhood. His dear mother is often rather anxious about him. I fear—I fear, he is just a little disposed to be what you gentlemen call fast."

"We gentlemen don't mince our words," said her husband; "rowdy young scamp, that is what I call him; bad lot."

"You are very severe, Henry—very severe—except when it is a favourite of your own. How glad I am we are getting some one we know to the Rectory. When do you take possession, Mr. Mildmay? We shall be quite near neighbours, and will see a great deal of you, I hope."

"I do not feel quite sure, since I have been here, whether I will come to the Rectory at all," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John was so hasty in his announcement, that I feel myself a swindler coming here under false pretences. I have not made up my mind whether I will accept the living or not."

"Since you have been here? Then you don't like the place," said Mr. Ascott. "I must say I am surprised. I think you are hasty, as well as St. John. Poor Chester, to be sure, did not like it, but that was because he thought it did not agree with him. The greatest nonsense! it is as healthy a place as any in England; it has a hundred advantages. Perhaps this sort of thing mayn't suit you as a clergyman," he said, waving his hand towards the distant race-course; "but it gives a great deal of life to the place."

"And so near town," said Mrs.

Ascott; "and such nice people in the neighbourhood! Indeed, Mr. Mildmay, you must let us persuade you; you must really stay."

"Come, now," cried her husband, "let's talk it over. What's your objection? Depend upon it, Adelaide, it is those pets of yours, the St. Johns, who have been putting nonsense into his head."

"Poor things, what do they know!" said Mrs. Ascott, with a sigh. "But indeed, Mr. Mildmay, now that we have seen you, and have a chance of some one we can like, with such nice connections, we cannot let you go."

This was all very flattering and pleasant. "You are extremely kind," said Mildmay. "I must put it to the credit of my relations, for I have no right to so much kindness. No, it is not any objection to the place. It is a still stronger objection. I heard Mrs. Ascott herself speak of some effort to be made for Mr. St. John—"

"I—what did I say?" cried the lady. "Mr. St. John? Yes, I was sorry, of course; very sorry."

"It was all nonsense," said the husband. "I told her so. She never meant it; only what could she say to the girls when they appealed to her? She is a soft-hearted goose—eh, Adelaide? One prefers women to be so. But as for old St. John, it is sheer nonsense. Poor old fellow! yes, I am sorry for him. But whose fault is it? He knew Chester's life was not worth that; yet he has hung on, taking no trouble, doing nothing for himself. It is not your part or our part to bother our minds for a man who does nothing for himself."

"That is true enough," said Mildmay; "but his long services to the parish, his age, his devotion to his work—it does not seem right. I don't say for you or for me, but in the abstract—"

"Devotion?" said Mr. Ascott. "Oh, yes; he has done his work well enough, I suppose. That's what is called devotion when a man dies or goes away. Yes, oh, yes, we may

allow him the credit of that, the poor old fogey, but—yes, oh, yes, a good old fellow enough. When you have said that, there's no more to say. Perhaps in the abstract it was a shame that Chester should have the lion's share of the income, and St. John all the work; but that's all over; and as for any hesitation of yours on his account——”

“It may be foolish,” said the young man, “but I do hesitate—I cannot help feeling that there is a great wrong involved—to Mr. St. John, of course, in the first place—but without even thinking of any individual, it is a sort of thing that must injure the Church; and I don't like to be the instrument of injuring the Church.”

“Tut—tut—tut!” said Mr. Ascott; “your conscience is too tender by far.”

“Mr. Mildmay,” said the lady sweetly, “you must not expect me to follow such deep reasoning. I leave that to superior minds; but you ought to think what a great thing it is for a parish to have some one to look up to—some one the poor people can feel to be really their superior.”

“Not a poor beggar of a curate,” cried her husband. “There, Adelaide! you have hit the right nail on the head. That's the true way to look at the subject. Poor old St. John! I don't say he's been well treated by destiny. He has had a deal of hard work, and he has stuck to it; but, bless you! how is a man like that to be distinguished from a Dissenting preacher, for instance? Of course, he's a clergyman, in orders and all that, as good as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he has no position—no means—nothing to make him the centre of the parish, as the clergyman ought to be. Why the poorest labourer in the parish looks down upon the Curate. ‘Parson's just as poor as we is,’ they say. I've heard them. He has got to run up bills in the little shops, and all that, just as they have. He has no money to relieve them with when they're out of work. The farmers look down upon him. They think nothing of a man that's poor; and as for the gentry——”

“Stop, Henry,” said Mrs. Ascott; “the gentry have always been very kind to the St. Johns. We were always sorry for the girls. Poor things! their mother was really quite a lady, though I never heard that she had anything. We were all grieved about this last sad affair, when he married the governess; and I should always have made a point of being kind to the girls. That is a very different thing, however, Mr. Mildmay,” she added, with a sweet smile, “from having a clergyman whom one can really look up to, and who will be a friend and neighbour as well as a clergyman. You will stay to luncheon! I think I hear the bell.”

### CHAPTER XIII.

MILDMAI left the house of the Ascotts hurriedly at this intimation. He thought them pleasant people enough—for who does not think those people pleasant who flatter and praise him?—but he would not allow himself to be persuaded out of his determination to return to the Rectory. I must add however that his mind was in a more confused state than ever as he skirted the common by the way the Curate had taken him on the previous night. There were two sides to every question; that could not be gainsaid. To leave Brentburn after passing twenty years here in arduous discharge of all the rector's duties, but with the rank and remuneration only of the curate, was an injury too hard to contemplate to Mr. St. John; but then it was not Mildmay's fault that he should interfere at his own cost to set it right. It was not even the fault of the parish. It was nobody's fault but his own, foolish as he was, neglecting all chances of “bettering himself.” If a man would do nothing for himself, how could it be the duty of others, of people no way connected with him, scarcely knowing him, to do it for him? This argument was unanswerable; nothing could be more reasonable, more certain; and yet—Mildmay felt that he himself was young, that the rectory of Brentburn was not much to him

one way or the other. He had wanted it as the means of living a more real life than that which was possible to him in his college rooms; but he had no stronger reason, no special choice of the place, no conviction that he could do absolute good here; and why should he then take so lightly what it would cost him nothing to reject, but which was everything to the Curate? Then, on the other hand, there was the parish to consider. What if—extraordinary as that seemed—it did not want Mr. St. John? What if really his very poverty, his very gentleness, made him unsuitable for it? The argument seemed a miserable one, so far as the money went; but it might be true. The Ascotts, for instance, were the Curate's friends; but this was their opinion. Altogether Mr. Mildmay was very much perplexed on the subject. He wished he had not come to see for himself, just as an artist has sometimes been sorry for having consulted that very troublesome reality, Nature, who will not lend herself to any theory. If he had come without any previous inspection of the place, without any knowledge of the circumstances, how much better it would have been! Whereas now he was weighed down by the consideration of things with which he had really nothing to do. As he went along, full of these thoughts, he met the old woman whom he had first spoken to by the duck-pond on the day before, and who had invited him to sit down in her cottage. To his surprise—for he did not at first recollect who she was—she made him a curtsy, and stopped short to speak to him. As it was in the full blaze of the midday sunshine, Mildmay would very gladly have escaped—not to say that he was anxious to get back to the Rectory, and to finish, as he persuaded himself was quite necessary, his conversation with Cicely. Old Mrs. Joel, however, stood her ground. She had an old-fashioned large straw bonnet on her head, which protected her from the sun; and, besides, was more tolerant of the sunshine, and more used to exposure than he was.

"Sir," she said, "I hear as you're the new gentleman as is coming to our parish. I am a poor woman, sir, the widow o' Job Joel, as was about Brentburn Church, man and boy, for more than forty year. He began in the choir, he did, and played the fiddle in the old times; and then, when that was done away with, my husband he was promoted to be clerk, and died in it. They could not ezactly make me clerk, seeing as I'm nothing but a woman; but Dick Williams, as is the sexton, ain't married, and I've got the cleaning of the church, and the pew-opening, if you please, sir; and I hope, sir, as you won't think it's nothing but justice to an old servant, to let me stay!"

"What do you think of Mr. St. John going away?" asked Mildmay abruptly.

The old woman stared, half alarmed, and made him another curtsy, to occupy the time till she could think how to answer. "Mr. St. John, sir? He's a dear good gentleman, sir, as innocent as a baby. When he's gone, sir, they will find the miss of him," she said, examining his face keenly to see how he meant her to answer, which is one of the highest arts of the poor.

"If he goes away, after being here so long, why shouldn't you be sent away, too?" said Mildmay. He felt how absurd was this questioning, as of an oracle, which came from the confused state of his own mind, not from any expectation of an answer; and then he could not but smile to himself at the idea of thus offering up a victim to the Curate's *manes*.

Mrs. Joel was much startled. "Lord bless us!" she said, making a step backwards. Then commanding herself, "It weren't Mr. St. John, sir, as gave me my place; but the Rector himself. Mr. St. John is as good as gold, but he ain't not to say my master. Besides, there's a many as can do the parson's work, but there ain't many, not in this parish, as could do mine. Mr. St. John would be a loss—but me, sir——"

Here she made another curtsy, and Mildmay laughed in spite of himself. "You—would be a greater loss?" he

said. "Well, perhaps so; but if there are any good reasons why he should leave, there must be the same for you."

"I don't see it, sir," said Mrs. Joel promptly. "The parson's old, and he's a bit past his work; but I defy any one in the parish to say as the church ain't as neat as a new pin. Mr. St. John's getting a bit feeble in the legs; he can't go long walks now like once he could. Me! I may be old, but as for my mop and my duster, I ain't behind nobody. Lord bless you! it's a very different thing with Mr. St. John from what it is with me. He's got those girls of his to think upon, and those little children. What's he got to do with little children at his age? But I've nobody but myself to go troubling *my* brains about. I thinks o' my work, and nought else. You won't get another woman in the parish as will do it as cheap and as comfortable as me."

"But don't you think," said Mildmay—whose conduct I cannot excuse, and whose only apology is that his mind was entirely occupied with one subject—"don't you think it is very hard upon Mr. St. John, at his age, to go away?"

Mrs. Joel found herself in a dilemma. She had no desire to speak ill of the Curate, but if she spoke too well of him, might not that annoy the new Rector, and endanger her own cause? She eyed him very keenly, never taking her eyes off his face, to be guided by its changes. "Between gentlefolks and poor folks," she said at last, philosophically, "there's a great gulf fixed, as is said in the Bible. They can't judge for us, nor us for them. He's a deal abler to speak up for hisself, and settle for hisself, than the likes o' me; and I reckon as he could stay on if he'd a mind to; but me, sir, it's your pleasure as I've got to look to," said the old woman, with another curtsy. This oracle, it was clear, had no response or guidance to give.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "I will speak to Miss St. John—for I don't know about the parish; and if she approves——"

A gleam of intelligence came into the keen old eyes which regarded him so closely; the old face lighted up with a twinkle of mingled pleasure, and malice, and kindness. "If that's so, the Lord be praised!" she cried; "and I hope, sir, it's Miss Cicely; for if ever there was a good wife, it's her dear mother as is dead and gone; and Miss Cicely's her very breathing image. Good morning to you, and God bless you, sir, and I hope as I haven't made too bold."

What does the old woman mean! Mildmay said to himself bewildered. He repeated the question over and over again as he pursued his way to the Rectory. What was it to him that Cicely St. John was like her mother? The Curate, too, had insisted upon this fact as if it was of some importance. What interest do they suppose me to take in the late Mrs. St. John? he said, with great surprise and confusion to himself.

Meanwhile, the girls in the Rectory had been fully occupied. When their father went out, they held a council of war together, at which indeed Mab did not do much more than question and assent, for her mind was not inventive or full of resource as Cicely's was. It was she, however, who opened the consultation. "What were you saying to Mr. Mildmay in the garden?" said Mab. "You told him something. He did not look the same to-day as he did last night."

"I told him nothing," said Cicely. "I was so foolish as to let him see that we felt it very much. No, I must not say foolish. How could we help but feel it? It is injustice, if it was the Queen herself who did it. But perhaps papa is right—if he does not come, some one else would come. And he has a heart. I do not hate him so much as I did last night."

"Hate him! I do not hate him at all. He knows how to draw, and said some things that were sense—really sense—and so few people do that," said Mab, thinking of her sketch. "I must have those mites again when the light is about the same as last time, and finish



it. Cicely, what are you thinking of now?"

"So many things," said the girl, with a sigh. "Oh, what a change, what a change, since we came! How foolish we have been, thinking we were to stay here always! Now, in six weeks or so, we must go—I don't know where; and we must pay our debts—I don't know how; and we must live without anything to live on. Mab, help me! Papa won't do anything; we must settle it all, you and I."

"You need not say you and I, Cicely. I never was clever at plans. It must be all yourself. What a good thing you are like mamma! Don't you think we might go to Aunt Jane?"

"Aunt Jane kept us at school for three years," said Cicely. "She has not very much herself. How can I ask her for more? If it were not so dreadful to lose you, I should say, Go, Mab—she would be glad to have you—and work at your drawing, and learn all you can, while I stay with papa here."

Cicely's eyes filled with tears, and her steady voice faltered. Mab threw her arms round her sister's neck. "I will never leave you. I will never go away from you. What is drawing or anything if we must be parted?—we never were parted all our lives."

"That is very true," said Cicely, drying her eyes. "But we can't do as we like now. I suppose people never can do what they like in this world. We used to think it was only till we grew up. Mab, listen—now is the time when we must settle what to do. Papa is no good. I don't mean to blame him; but he has been spoiled; he has always had things done for him. I saw that last night. To ask him only makes him unhappy; I have been thinking and thinking, and I see what to do."

Mab raised her head from her sister's shoulder, and looked at Cicely with great tender believing eyes. The two forlorn young creatures had nobody to help them; but the one trusted in the other, which was a safeguard for the

weaker soul; and she who had nobody to trust in except God, felt that inspiration of the burden which was laid upon her, which sometimes is the strongest of all supports to the strong. Her voice still faltered a little, and her eyes glistened, but she put what was worse first, as a brave soul naturally does.

"Mab, you must go—it is the best—you are always happy with your work, and Aunt Jane will be very kind to you; and the sooner you can make money, don't you see? It would not do to go back to school, even if Miss Blandy would have us, for all we could do there was to keep ourselves. Mab, you are so clever, you will soon now be able to help; and you know, even if papa gets something, there will always be the little boys."

"Yes, I know," said Mab, subdued. "O Cicely, don't be vexed! I should like it—I know I should like it—but for leaving you."

Cicely's bosom heaved with a suppressed sob. "You must not mind me. I shall have so much to do, I shall have no time to think; and so long as one can keep one's self from thinking!—There now, that is settled. I wanted to say it, and I dared not. After that—Mab, don't ask me my plans! I am going round this very day," cried Cicely, springing to her feet, "to all those people we owe money to." This sudden movement was half the impulse of her vivacious nature, which could not continue in one tone, whatever happened, and, half an artifice to conceal the emotion which was too deep for her sister to share. Cicely felt the idea of the separation much more than Mab did, though it was Mab who was crying over it; and the elder sister dared not dwell upon the thought. "I must go round to them all," said Cicely, taking the opportunity to get rid of her tears, "and ask them to have a little patience. There will be another half-year's income before we leave, and they shall have all, all I can give them. I hope they will be reasonable. Mab, I ought to go now."

"Oh, what will you say to them?"

Oh, how have you the courage to do it ? O Cicely ! when it is not your fault. It is papa who ought to do it !” cried Mab.

“It does not matter so much who ought to do it,” said Cicely, with composure. “Some one *must* do it, and I don’t know who will but me. Then I think there ought to be an advertisement written for the *Guardian*.”

“Cicely, you said you were to stay with papa !”

“It is not for me ; it is for papa himself. Poor papa ! Oh, what a shame, what a shame, at his age ! And a young man, *that* young man, with nothing to recommend him, coming in to everything, and turning us out ! I can’t talk about it,” cried Cicely. “The best thing for us is to go and do something. I can make up the advertisement on the way.”

And in the heat of this, she put on her hat and went out, leaving Mab half stupefied by the suddenness of all those settlements. Mab had not the courage to offer to go to Wilkins and the rest with her sister. She cried over all that Cicely had to do ; but she knew very well that she had not the strength to do it. She went and arranged her easel, and set to work very diligently. That was always something ; and to make money, would not that be best of all, as well as the pleasantest ? Mab did not care for tiring herself, nor did she think of her own enjoyment. That she should be the brother working for both, and Cicely the sister keeping her house, had always been the girl’s ideal, which was far from a selfish one. But she could not do what Cicely was doing. She could not steer the poor little ship of the family fortunes or misfortunes through this dangerous passage. Though she was, she hoped, to take the man’s part of breadwinner, for the moment she shrank into that woman’s part which women too often are not permitted to hold. To keep quiet at home, wondering and working in obscurity—wondering how the brave adventurer was faring who had to fight for bare life outside in the world.

I dare not follow Cicely through her

morning’s work ; it would take up so much time ; and it would not be pleasant for us any more than it was for her. “Don’t you make yourself unhappy, Miss,” said the butcher. “I know as you mean well by every one. A few pounds ain’t much to me, the Lord be praised ! and I’ll wait, and welcome, for I know as you mean well.” Cicely, poor child ! being only nineteen, cried when these kind words were said to her, and was taken into the hot and greasy parlour, where the butcher’s wife was sitting, and petted and comforted. “Bless you, things will turn out a deal better than you think,” Mrs. Butcher said ; “they always does. Wait till we see the handsome young gentleman as is coming through the woods for you, Miss Cicely dear ; and a good wife he’ll have, like your dear mother,” this kind woman added, smiling, yet wiping her eyes. But Wilkins the grocer was much more difficult to manage, and to him Cicely set her fair young face like a flint, biting her lips to keep them steady, and keeping all vestige of tears from her eyes. “Whatever you do,” she said with those firm pale lips, “we cannot pay you now ; but you shall be paid if you will have patience ;” and at last, notwithstanding the insults which wrung Cicely’s heart, this savage, too, was overcome. She went home all throbbing and aching from this last conflict, her heart full of bitterness and those sharp stings of poverty which are so hard to bear. It was not her fault ; no extravagance of hers had swelled those bills ; and how many people threw away every day much more than would have saved all that torture of heart and mind to this helpless and guiltless girl ! Mildmay himself had paid for a Palissy dish, hideous with crawling reptiles, a great deal more than would have satisfied Wilkins and relieved poor Cicely’s delicate shoulders of this humiliating burden ; but what of that ? The young man whom she saw in the distance approaching the Rectory from the other side could at that moment have paid every one of those terrible debts that were crushing Cicely, and never felt it ;

but I repeat, what of that? Under no pretence could he have done it; nothing in the world would have induced the proud, delicate girl to betray the pangs which cut her soul. Thus the poor and the rich walk together shoulder by shoulder every day as if they were equal, and one has to go on in hopeless labour like Sisyphus, heaving up the burden which the other could toss into space with the lifting of a finger. So it is, and so it must be, I suppose, till time and civilization come to an end.

Meanwhile these two came nearer, approaching each other from different points. And what Mildmay saw was not the brave but burdened creature we know of, dear reader, bleeding and aching from battles more bitter than Inkerman, with a whole little world of helpless beings hanging upon her, but only a fresh, bright-eyed girl, in a black and white frock, with a black hat shading her face from the sunshine, moving lightly in the animation of her youth across the white high-road—a creature full of delicate strength, and variety, and brightness; like her mother! Mildmay could not help thinking that Mrs. St. John must have been a pretty woman, and there came a little pang of sympathy into his heart when he thought of the grave in the twilight where the Curate had led him, from which the light in the girls' windows was always visible, and to which his patient feet had worn that path across the grass. To be sure, across the pathos of this picture there would come the jar of that serio-comic reference to the other Mrs. St. John, who, poor soul! lay neglected down the other turning. This made the new Rector laugh within himself. But he suppressed all signs of the laugh when he came up to Cicely, who, though she gave him a smile of greeting, did not seem in a laughing mood. She was the first to speak.

"Have you left papa behind you, Mr. Mildmay? He has always a great many places to go to, and parish work is not pleasant on such a hot day."

Was there an insinuation in this that he had abandoned the unpleasant work,

finding it uncongenial to him? Poor Cicely was sore and wounded, and the temptation to give a passing sting in her turn was great.

"Mr. St. John did not permit me to try its pleasantness or unpleasantness," said Mildmay. "He took me over the parish indeed, and showed me the church and the school, and some other things; and then he left me at Mr. Ascott's. I come from the Heath now."

"Ah, from the Heath?" said Cicely, changing colour a little, and looking at him with inquiring eyes. What had they done or said, she wondered, to him? for she could not forget the projected petition to the Lord Chancellor, which had raised a fallacious hope in their hearts when she saw Mrs. Ascott last.

"They have a pretty house, and they seem kind people," said Mildmay, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, they have a pretty house." Cicely looked at him even more eagerly, with many questions on her lips. Had they said nothing to him? had they received him at once as the new Rector without a word? Kind! what did he mean when he said they were kind? Had they, too, without an effort, without a remonstrance, gone over to the enemy?

"Mr. St. John somewhat rashly introduced me as the new Rector," said Mildmay, "which was very premature; and they knew some relations of mine. Miss St. John, the Ascotts are much less interesting to me than our conversation of this morning. Since then my mind has been in a very confused state. I can no longer feel that anything is settled about the living."

"Didn't they say anything?" said Cicely, scarcely listening to him; "didn't they make any objection?" This was a shock of a new kind which she was not prepared for. "I beg your pardon," she cried; "they had no right to make any objection; but didn't they say anything at least—about papa?"

What was Mildmay to answer? He hesitated scarcely a moment, but her quick eye saw it.

"A great deal," he said eagerly; "they said, as every one must, that Mr. St. John's long devotion——"

"Don't try to deceive me," said Cicely, with a smile of desperation. "I see you do not mean it. They did not say anything sincere. They were delighted to receive a new Rector, a new neighbour, young and happy and well off——"

"Miss St. John——"

"Yes, I know; it is quite natural, quite right. I have nothing to say against it. Papa has only been here for twenty years, knowing all their troubles, doing things for them which he never would have done for himself; but—'Le roi est mort; vive le roi!'" cried the impetuous girl in a flash of passion; in the strength of which she suddenly calmed down, and, smiling, turned to him again. "Is it not a pretty house? and Mrs. Ascott is very pretty too—has been, people say, but I think it is hard to say, has been. She is not young, but she has the beauty of her age."

"I take very little interest in Mrs. Ascott," said Mildmay, "seeing I never saw her till to-day; but I take a great deal of interest in what you were saying this morning."

"You never saw any of us till yesterday, Mr. Mildmay."

"I suppose that is quite true. I cannot help it—it is different. Miss St. John, I don't know what you would think of the life I have been living, but yours has had a great effect upon me. What am I to do? you have unsettled me, you have confused my mind and all my intentions. Now tell me what to do."

"I," said Cicely aghast. "Oh, if I could only see a little in advance, if I could tell what to do myself!"

"You cannot slide out of it like this," he said; "nay, pardon me, I don't mean to be unkind; but what am I to do?"

Cicely looked at him with a rapid revulsion of feeling from indignation to friendliness. "Oh," she cried, "can't you fancy how a poor girl, so helpless as I am, is driven often to say a great deal

more than she means? What can we do, we girls?—say out some of the things that choke us, that make our hearts bitter within us, and then be sorry for it afterwards? that is all we are good for. We cannot go and do things like you men, and we feel all the sharper, all the keener, because we cannot do. Mr. Mildmay, all that I said was quite true; but what does that matter? a thing may be wrong and false to every principle, and yet it cannot be helped. You ought not to have the living; papa ought to have it; but what then? No one will give it to papa, and if you don't take it some one else will; therefore, take it, though it is wicked and a cruel wrong. It is not your fault, it is—I don't know whose fault. One feels as if it were God's fault sometimes," cried Cicely; "but that must be wrong; the world is all wrong and unjust, and hard—hard; only sometimes there is somebody who is very kind, very good, who makes you feel that it is not God's fault, and you forgive even the world."

She put up her hand to wipe the tears from those young shining eyes, which indignation and wretchedness and tears only made the brighter. Cicely was thinking of the butcher—you will say no very elevated thought. But Mildmay, wondering, and touched to the heart, asked himself, with a suppressed throb, of emotion, could she mean him?

"I am going back to Oxford," he said hastily. "I shall not go to town. The first thing I do will be to see everybody concerned, and to tell them what you say. Yes, Miss St. John, you are right; it is wicked and wrong that I or any one should have it while your father is here. I will tell the Master so, I will tell them all so. It shall not be my fault if Mr. St. John does not have his rights."

They were close to the Rectory gate, and as fire communicates to fire, the passionate impulse and fervour of Cicely's countenance had transferred themselves to Mr. Mildmay, whose eyes were shining, and his cheeks flushed with purpose like her own. Cicely was not used

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to this rapid transmission of energy. She gazed at him half frightened. Usually her interlocutor did all that was possible to calm her down—wondered at her, blamed her a little, chilled her vehemence with surprised or disapproving looks. This new companion who caught fire at her was new to the girl. She was half alarmed at what she had done.

"Will you do so, really?" she said, the tears starting to her eyes. "O Mr. Mildmay, perhaps I am wrong! Papa would not advise you so. He would say he never asked for anything in his life, and that he would not be a beggar for a living now. And think—perhaps I should not have said half so much if I could have done anything. I am too ignorant and too inexperienced for any one to be guided by me."

"Yes, you are ignorant," cried the young man. "You don't know the sophistries with which we blind ourselves and each other. You dare to think what is right and what is wrong—and, for once in my life, so shall I."

The moisture that had been gathering dropped all at once in two great unexpected tears out of Cicely's eyes. Her face lighted like the sky when the sun rises, a rosy suffusion as of dawn came over her. Her emotion was so increased by surprise that even now she did not know what to think. In the least likely quarter all at once, in her mo-

ment of need, she had found sympathy and succour; and I think perhaps that even the most strong and self-sustaining do not know how much they have wanted sympathy and comprehension until it comes. It made Cicely weak, not strong. She felt that she could have sat down on the roadside and cried. She had an idiotic impulse to tell him everything, and especially about the butcher—how kind he had been. These impulses passed through her mind mechanically, or, as one ought to say nowadays, automatically; but Cicely, who had no notion of being an automaton, crushed them in the bud. And what she really would have said in the tumult of her feelings, beyond what the look in her eyes said, behind the tears, I cannot tell, if it had not been that the Curate came forth leisurely at that moment from the Rectory, making it necessary that tears and every other evidence of emotion should be cleared away.

"Cicely, it is just time for dinner," he said. "You should not walk, my dear, in the heat of the day; and Mr. Mildmay, too, must be tired, and want something to refresh him. It is a long time since breakfast," said the gentle Curate, opening the door that his guest might precede him. Mr. St. John was not a great eater, but he had a mild, regular appetite, and did not like any disrespect to the dinner hour.

*To be continued.*



## INDIAN NOTES.—IV. NATIVE EDUCATION.

In referring to Education in India, I may say that my notes were taken after many years' experience, and in one or two cases intimate experience, of educational work in some of the principal centres of population from north to south of Great Britain, and in the capital and the north of Ireland, and that I visited the schools of India with greater personal interest than almost anything else I had the opportunity of visiting. In most cases I made it quite clear to all concerned, that in any notes taken my object was neither to support nor to condemn Missionary Schools, but to state facts, without the slightest regard as to whether those facts did or did not meet the approval of Missionary Committees or May Meetings, and that I hoped the only prejudice I had was in favour of men, heathen or Christian, who were really raising the poor people of India into self-reliance and manhood. In the same spirit I would wish now to write out those notes. So far from Missionaries in India being, as some suppose, looked upon coldly by Europeans and insulted by natives, I believe the very contrary to be the fact. Beyond all question their position is hedged about by privileges of many kinds, and men of strong character and real ability invariably find deference and respect, and from none more so than from natives of India. It is true you occasionally meet with Englishmen, civil and military, who speak slightly of Missions and Missionaries, much in the same way in which, half a century ago, country gentlemen and their much less excusable imitators spoke of Methodists. There was a time, indeed, within the memory of most adults when to term a man a Methodist, in some parts of England, was to say that not merely was his tone of voice nasal and his eyes ever up-turned hypocritically to heaven, but that he gave short weight,

or shirked a fair day's work, or "dropped his axe or hammer before the sound was out of the dinner bell" (a very wholesome old proverb), or connived at smuggling, and then secured a reward by informing the Excise. In short, there was nothing too bad to say of a Methodist in those bygone but well-remembered days.

The Missionaries in India may take comfort from the fact that those who disparage them and their work are those who also term the natives of India "niggers"—the same persons who in an insensate caste pride would prevent the youth of India from acquiring knowledge and being enabled to compete with young Englishmen for State employment. No grave and thoughtful—assuredly no earnest—men in India ever condemn Missions or Missionaries as a body, though such men would be the very last to concede to Missions or Missionaries an immunity from fair criticism, and the really able and true Missionaries in India would be the last men to claim any such exemption. And so with natives of the country. Perhaps of all gratifications in life there is nothing they enjoy more than hearing a Missionary defeated in argument. When a man of portentous manner and big-sounding phrases can be fastened to Eve's apple, or to Saul ordered by Samuel to kill the Amalekites "old and young," &c., or to the Miraculous Conception, or the doctrine of the Trinity, then Bengal is in all its glory, and its laugh is worth hearing. But the same men will listen for hours, ask questions eagerly, will give Sahib salaam when he leaves, and tell him there is after all a great deal of good in Christianity, much more indeed than they had thought, and that they have no manner of doubt that if the Christian is a good man and acts up to his faith he will get to heaven almost as certainly by his way as they

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will by theirs. They assure him that they have no wish to convert him to Hindooism, and, in fact, that as no power of man could make him a Brahmin, he must be content to go on as a Christian, always believing that a fair allowance will be made for the fact of his birth in a cold unromantic climate and country, and without the advantage of teachers who, as in India, have wisdom of all ages at command. Of course, all this is very provoking to a really earnest Missionary, but he grows in time to care little about it, and sometimes even to accept Hindoo pleasantry and sharp badinage in a spirit as light and genial as their own. Then a great point has been gained.

In part confirmation of a statement made above I have two notes. A grave and able officer who has seen much service, and who writes with rare skill and power, said:—"I have always held that the Missionary is the only Englishman in India whom the native of India cannot identify with purely personal interest. The soldier, the merchant, the journalist, the civilian, and whoever else you care to mention, are there simply to make a livelihood. The Missionary Society, at least, comes with the statement, correct in the main: 'We are asking you for no money; we are spending our money that we may teach you things that we know will make you better men on earth and secure you endless happiness after death.'" Whether this is accurate or inaccurate in itself, I take it, rather than the talk to which I have referred above, to be the key to intelligent Anglo-Indian opinion. The relation of the Missionary to his Society is quite another question, and one to which I have no intention of referring in any way beyond saying that, as with all other classes of men, no designation, good or bad, that would apply to an individual would properly designate the entire body to which that individual belongs. If you meet with a Missionary of great merit it would be absurd to infer that all Missionaries are of great merit, just as if you met with a Missionary who was clearly the square

man in the round hole it would be unjust to visit Missionaries generally with disapproval on his account. My other note refers to an opinion expressed by a very distinguished man, the late Mr. Seward, when he visited India. Mr. Seward spoke eloquently and warmly of the efforts that England is making (and he might have added that his own country is making) to Christianise India, and I think no one who listened to him could come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Seward would have gone much farther than English statesmen have gone in making at least Christian literature the basis of State Education in India. He pointedly referred to the greed of gain that first led the English among other adventurers to the East, and no one said him nay when he asserted that only in the use made of the rare success achieved would British rule be justified; or when he added that by that use he meant the substitution of the Christian religion for all other faiths. That, he maintained, would be to act worthily in India. It were needless to say that Mr. Seward was no advocate for a propaganda in any of the usually understood senses of the term—he was far too good and generous a man for that; but I am quite sure, from the force with which he spoke, that he would many years earlier, while the crucial issue was impending, have been claimed as a supporter by those who would have made the Christian religion in some way the basis of State Education. Feeble as he was, and unable to lift his hand to his head without great effort, no one could persuade him to dispense with seeing the Baptist College in the old refuge found by that body under the Danish flag when no Missionary was permitted to preach where the East India Company ruled. There seemed a curious attraction for him in the spot where three men defied their own Government and took refuge under the flag of strangers that they might retain the foothold of their faith in India. It was doubtless, in one sense, a reverence for individual manhood defying cupidity

in power, but it was more than that—underlying all these was an ardent belief that the faith of Christ, and that alone, would answer the high purpose of sages and statesmen, and enable India some day to stand self-reliant among nations.

Mr. Seward in India as visitor, however, and Mr. Seward as an Anglo-Indian statesman, would have been very different men, and there cannot be a doubt that with official responsibility he would have been one of the foremost to say, "Push Christianity vigorously as it was originally pushed from Judaea, but let State Education have neither part nor lot, even in appearance, with proselytism." What really came to pass was that the State established a great department for Education as free as any English system of instruction can be from anything like a Christianising design. Young Hindoos have facilities for high-class education which English boys of the same classes at home till very recently had not, and they have availed themselves of their privilege to an extent which has astonished those who favour their success as well as those who see in it elements of personal assumption and dangerous competition. They attend English lectures in crowds, and often the lecturer is a Hindoo. They hold public meetings in villages as well as in towns, and discuss the questions of the day. Of course, when this is the case, it can hardly fail that the "Bengal Baboo" is the butt of everyone who thinks that Englishmen have the sole right to offices under the State. But the ball that has been set rolling all the Queen's armies could not stop. And shame upon the Englishman who would wish to stop it, or rob any young man, Hindoo or Mahomedan, orthodox or heterodox, of one fairly won honour. Englishmen may lose in the number of places open to them, but England will be the gainer for every intelligent man—would we could add and woman too—added to the population of India.

I have notes, taken with a view to publication, of conversations with two influential native gentlemen, both of

whom boasted (laughingly, jocularly, but with all the meaning in their words) that they owed nothing of their education to the English Government or to Missionary Societies, but all to native agencies. It may be said that the very boast shows the reverse of cordial feeling. What cordiality of feeling can there be where so many Englishmen term every difference of opinion disloyalty, and every argument insult? I confess I liked to hear the boast, simply because I think it is well that men should grow in manhood whatever comes of British rule in India. The difficulties in the way of natives of India taking men's parts in their own country are insuperable, but are overcome. An accomplished scientific man, Dr. Sicar, a pure Hindoo, but an English scholar and thinker, and one of rare modesty, has been labouring for years to establish a native Science Association. Most Englishmen seem to stand aloof from the project, while Dr. Sicar's wealthier countrymen have supported him with munificent contributions, and one may well hope will support him still further. In fact, Young Bengal, by the help of State colleges and Missionary colleges, is able to compete, and dares to compete, with Englishmen in every struggle for place, and in some cases to wrest away even the higher prizes. Great errors are made and laughed at, but the competition never ceases. The Mahomedans alone have in the main stood sullenly aside from all educational schemes, from causes of pride, many Englishmen say; from a neglect, learned Mahomedans say, on the part of the rulers of India to consider the peculiarities of the Mahomedan faith—to make the Arabic language, for instance, a fundamental element of the examinations. In Madras, the late excellent governor, Lord Hobart, announced from the onset of his benign rule his determination to do justice to the Mahomedan race, and it was remarkable with what a cheerful spirit he was met by members of that race in all parts of India. Little as it is known, there has been no better instance in our time of the response of the instinct of an

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Let me draw attention to this marked and remarkable fact, that inducements offered to the Mahomedans to attend school rarely elicit disapproval from educated Hindoos. I noticed this again and again. Of course there are Mahomedan and Kooka, or Mahomedan and Parsee feuds. I do not mean to say that race-hatred is dead or dying. I do not say, for I do not think, that a word in the Punjab or the North-west Provinces might not prove like a spark in a powder magazine. But certainly many noted men, both Hindoo and Mahomedan, have striven of late years, with laudable and virtuous zeal, to unite the native races in all such good efforts as those for education, and on occasions the Brahmin and the Moulvie can stand together for some patriotic object. It has been said that England's interest lies in the separation of races. Then England's interest is a false interest, unworthy of her great name. But it were a pure calumny to say so, and a calumny no one worthy of the name of statesman ever has endorsed. There is not much fear of any union for war. There is hopefulness at last of a future though distant generous union in peace of at least the intelligent men of the different races of India.

It may be said—is being said every day—that with the rapid spread of native education Englishmen must of necessity lose some of the chief advantages of the conquest of India. I grant, without a moment's hesitation, that if one of the objects of conquest was to provide new openings in life for young Englishmen, that object must inevitably suffer from the extension of high-class education among natives of India. There will, beyond all question, be fewer "openings." But no such object as the one here indicated ever was in the mind, or at all events ever influenced the policy, of any English statesman of the first order on whom devolved the responsibility of extending the British Empire in India. The contrary would mean an avowal which

England, I am quite sure, is not prepared to make, that there is one immense territory under the dominion of the Queen where Englishmen can only have success in life at the cost of keeping the natives of the country in ignorance, or at least of refusing them the high-class education to which they aspire. There will be a great many revolutions of thought before that revolution of the justice and honour of English character. It may please a certain class of politicians to talk unduly of the rights of the civil service, just as it pleased a bygone class of politicians to talk of the rights of the East India Company. What other Company ever had statesmen, heroes, administrators of the same order—such a galaxy of great names—to exhibit in its day of trial? The arguments for allowing the Company to do pretty much as it pleased—for perpetuating its privileges, for denouncing its enemies as the enemies of England, if not of mankind—were irrefutable everywhere but in one place. They collapsed like a pricked bladder the moment they were brought before Parliament. Any other ordeal they could meet. Men high in the Company's service might use their patronage to secure elections. Nay, there have been cases when divisions in Parliament were influenced by the Company's immense wealth. But no mere "privileges" of company or class ever yet were suffered to permanently silence Parliament as to the prior and invincible claim of broad justice. It is a mere coincidence that the Red Indian and the Maori make no demand for colleges, while the Bengalee does. The Queen, indeed, has no other possession to which the same rule applies as to India, but there is no doubt of the rule here, and the answer that Lord Salisbury is said to have given to a remonstrance on the subject is both just and wise. I hardly need, after the sentiments expressed in the first of these papers, guard myself against the charge of writing against the just interests of the Civil Service. At all events I am not doing so, nor have I any feeling or

recollection tending in that direction. I believe some of the best men in the Civil Service would endorse and even amplify the above remarks. I simply say that the hand held out to India with high-class education cannot be withdrawn; and that educated men will, with us or without us, climb the ladder of State employment. In the path of justice no course ever was clearer in these particulars than that of England in India. The path of injustice in these particulars would be rugged and thorny, and the only comfort is that England never will tread it any more.

Perhaps nothing more clearly marks the rapid progress of State Education than the fact that it has been mooted, both at home and in India, whether Missionaries ought not to withdraw altogether from educational work, or from all but the education of the children of Christian parents, and confine themselves to preaching and religious ordinances. They find it difficult to compete with the State in smallness of fees, and general efficiency; and it has been a serious question to many earnest men whether Missionaries are not in some measure receding from their proper and legitimate duty in maintaining colleges and schools. It may seem presumptuous to give an opinion on such a point, but I am writing for the purpose of giving opinions, not of shirking them, and I shall at all events say that if any Missionary Society decided to give up teaching, or to give it up save in the limited degree referred to above, a great error would be committed. At least, every child who attends a Missionary school must hear Christian prayers, and must read the Bible. That is something; and no native of India has the slightest claim to object to it, though he would have every right to object to it in a State school. The education is there, if he wants it for his children, and if he accepts the boon provided at the cost of others, he has no right to choose the terms. Under some circumstances it would be ungenerous to take this position, but when it is remembered that

the Missionary goes out professing, at all events, the belief that "there is none other Name given among men whereby they can be saved, but the name of Christ," no one can for a moment dispute his right—nay, his duty—before all else to make that Name known. The only question in such a case is, whether the duty is being as effectually performed in the class-room as in the pulpit. The Roman Catholics (and the Jesuits and the devoted nuns are second to no teachers in India) never debate these questions with open doors. There is nothing at St. Xavier's College, or the great school of the nuns at Calcutta, to give the slightest idea of anything but minds perfectly well made up as to their duty. They have the great advantage that instead of laying down rules for the union of all Christians, they secure perfect union of purpose and action, and some very beautiful and gentle spirits there are among both the nuns and the priests, and as a whole they wield a healthy and wholesome influence among Missionaries. They have in Calcutta a talented newspaper, little known in England, but edited by an able and shrewd man, very kindly disposed towards the people, utterly unconscious of his own personal dignity, and, without any parade of bravery, to the last degree fearless where a right is to be upheld or a wrong denounced. The great colleges of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, the London Missionary Society, and the Baptists are among the noblest educational institutions in the world. Anyone who wishes to see what they have done should read Mr. Sherring's *History of Missions*, lately published—a graphic picture of a great work of which I am only affecting to give general impressions as a looker-on. It is only when you pass from college to college or from school to school, that you obtain real glimpses of the vast educational work being done. You see men and women striving day by day to impress upon hundreds of boys and girls of very different ages, castes, races, the

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nature of various kinds of knowledge. You hear eager questions—some shrewd, some foolish, some as from dreamland—relating to all manner of subjects, human and divinè. Nothing is too sacred for a Bengalee boy to touch. Speculation the most daring is his delight, though in action his timidity has become a proverb. His parents are in the same sense at once men and wondering children. They would read, and allow their children to read, the Bible to-day, and the *Age of Reason* to-morrow; and they would laugh and chuckle over both alike, as wonderfully interesting and romantic. Books like Paine's and Volney's are printed cheaply, placarded extensively, and sold all through India.

I once read a lecture to a purely Bengalee audience—in a large room crowded to the doors—on "Three English Sailors: Drake, Blake, and Cook." The result was a lesson to myself, and may not be uninteresting to others. The aim was to picture Drake as perhaps the greatest sailor ever known; Blake as a fine sailor actuated by high principle; Cook as the pioneer of peaceful commerce. While I spoke of Drake—of his daring and impulse, of the queen's practical and almost dramatic endorsement of his defiance to Spain, of boardings and cuttings out, and of the burial at sea, my Bengalee friends sat quietly, whispering to each other, without one "lit-up eye," as far as I could see from end to end of the room. Blake, I thought, might be better. But no, they associated him with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," a theme with which a certain class of preachers have made them familiar. When I spoke of James Cook the very atmosphere seemed to change, and when I came to that part of the story which tells how he would not allow an insult to be offered to one of a weak and helpless race, there was a real and a prolonged cheer. They understood little of either Drake or Blake; they followed Cook, with unflagging interest, from his English cottage to his grave in a distant

land, and in the end voted him worthy of the love no less than the respect, not of England alone, but of all mankind. I intended to have told, as a companion picture, the story of George Stephenson, but circumstances intervened. The peculiarly English character of Cook caught their fancy; his quiet enthusiasm and enterprise, devoid of fervour and noise; his manly obedience to orders, his resolution that his own orders should be obeyed were thoroughly appreciated, and I thought they would have found the same qualities in Stephenson. I question if they would have taken at all kindly to John Knox. Once, in a smaller Bengalee assembly, I heard an Englishman quote a beautiful passage from Burns, but no person present appreciated it. "A man's a man for a' that" has little meaning to a native of India; but Cook modestly living the poem, without perhaps ever putting the sentiment into form of words, may become an example to some Hindoo generations yet unborn.

This seems to naturally lead to another topic, mentioned previously—the relations of the native rich and poor in India. I referred to this in a paper a couple of years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*,<sup>1</sup> and subsequently I kept the subject constantly before me when opportunities for observation occurred. Of course I told nothing new, so far as Anglo-Indians are concerned, when I said that the poorest Brahmin has a nobility that no wealth could purchase, and which no wealth of the bitterest foe could infringe or impair. You see the man of great wealth bow to one, however poor, who wears the sacred thread, but especially to one who has also, by learning and virtue, vindicated his claim to the high lineage which the thread betokens. Every one knows this, but few consider that it has any significance beyond that of a custom of which Englishmen count nothing. In reality, it is a key to the character of the Hin-

<sup>1</sup> "Our Present Position and Probable Future in India," in the number for April 1873.

doo race. The low bows and prostrations of Eastern nations, the rule that an inferior must stand barefooted in the presence of a superior, and so on, have led to a very erroneous belief with respect to the intercourse of rich and poor. The rule with respect to shoes is a standing puzzle and torment to some Englishmen. If one of their own baboos should enter a room with his shoes on, the matter is easy; but if a native of position does so, the poor stickler for dignity is in a terrible difficulty; and I have known instances in which he sulked and made himself disagreeable to his visitor, from the simple fact that he did not know whether he was not being quizzed. The proper rule, I have been told, is to exact the same amount of deference that the visitor would pay to a native of high rank. I say no—such a rule would be absurd. First, because race gives an Englishman no claim to rank; a man who in England would be undistinguished has no right in India to claim the honour given to men of high position. Secondly, English rules have also a claim to be taken into consideration. Natives of India sit upon the floor, and, in some respects, to step upon that floor would be equivalent to stepping on an Englishman's table, with, of course, tenfold greater pollution. Such a case, I know, cannot occur, because rooms are set apart in great houses for English visitors, and there our countrymen can go booted and spurred, and with mud up to the knees, if they please. Sensible Englishmen, therefore, lay down a rule something like this: "When a native gentleman enters my house, I shall take no notice whatever of the rule he observes as to shoes. He keeps his hat on, it is true, in accordance with his custom. He is welcome to keep on his shoes in accordance with mine." It were absurd to suppose that an English gentleman loses dignity by any such course. I do not mean that there are not very trifling points of etiquette in which dignity might be lost. In State ceremonies, or other public occasions, it would be unwise to

allow Eastern rules to be set aside; but in ordinary life the shrewdest men in India are the men most gifted with the faculty of blindness where it were folly to see. Englishmen tell us excellent jokes of high-handed proceedings on the part of men like Lord Dalhousie, with respect to native customs unduly strained; but the point of the jokes ought to be in the fact that if we will not allow customs to be strained to the imperilling of English comfort, we ought not to strain customs in an assertion of dignity on our own part.

Certainly, a poor native often speaks to one of his wealthy countrymen in a manner which would surprise people who imagine the poor man's life one of never-ending servility. An English or Scotch labourer addressing a lord or "gentlebody," would not dare to use anything like the same degree of freedom that a Hindoo would use to his lord. A servant very commonly tosses his head saucily to one side, and looking his employer full in the face, argues with him on terms of apparent equality; and the employer, also commonly enough, will argue the matter out in the same spirit, rarely affecting to stand upon his rank and position, prouder to all appearance of a victory in the fair arena where volubility carries the day than of any reliance on his mere wealth. An Englishman would be likely to knock a servant down for half the familiarity that is common between some native landowners and others and their servants, and yet Englishmen can never obtain that social mastery which they often appear to have obtained. They, too, are bound by inexorable custom. No bribe on the one hand, or threat on the other, would ever induce a Hindoo servant bearer-born to perform the duties of a table servant. It is caste, people say, the influence of an all-powerful faith. True, but the caste has in this case given birth to a kind of personal dignity through which the mailed hand of the rudest conqueror has failed to break, at the time when he was breaking through armies as if they had been cob-

webs. In higher grades, the freedom with which Joab, the son of Zeruiah, spoke to David the king (not to speak at all of Nathan's freedom, which I have no doubt also has its modern counterpart) may be found as characteristic as ever. The bows and genuflexions are "deportment" merely. The pulse of the man bowing beats none the more rapidly because he is in the presence of his superior. If he is re-proved, and there is no room for argument, he "stands reprov'd." If he is punished, he submits; but he begins again, and does his work, and draws his wages in money or kind, all the same. Similarly the relations of landlord and tenant are often very kindly. The landlord may object to make new roads at the behest of an enterprising commissioner, and he may even see no use for village schools, but, "let alone," or gently dealt with, he will sometimes make his tenantry as comfortable as the circumstances admit. Naturally, also, there are landlords of a very different class; but this we may say, that the native tenant as a rule prefers a native landlord to an English one. We never shall make any permanent impression on the social life of India if we cannot impress first the wealthier men. We never shall do any good if we degrade these men in the eyes of their poorer neighbours. There is a very strong impression in the minds of many able military men that if immediately after the Mutiny we had cared to give the slightest encouraging sign, the Sikhs would have become Christians almost in a body, as a military admission that the Cross had won, and as a memento that they had shared in the triumph. What would have been the result of such a step, beyond the fact that it would have been like an old leaf of history inserted out of date, it is impossible to conceive. Probably a new order of aristocracy would have sprung up, after the Mahomedan model. Lands would have found Christian owners. The Missionaries would have found fresh work among a brave people. Perhaps even the social free-

dom of India would have been strengthened by the political freedom of England. But whether Christianity would have been any the stronger is questionable.

In secular affairs the Missionary in India has at once a high and a difficult duty. I came in contact with one of two well-known Santal Missionaries (Dane or German, I forget which), and I was surprised at his enterprise no less than his goodness. These two men are effecting a revolution in Santalia. Both were at one time workmen, and houses, roads, bridges, churches (the last built entirely for a few shillings, with unpaid labour) attest one of the great ends to which experience has been directed. The men also stand between their people and the money-lenders, and have in that way done much good. The same rule is observed by many other Missionaries. My only reason for mentioning these specially is that I saw the work in active progress, in a society whose very rudeness tended only the more to bring out into sharp outline what was being done. There is another side, however, to this picture. It is quite possible for a Missionary to interfere where he has no right to do so. It would be very questionable taste, for instance, to put himself in the position of a general referee as between Christian tenant and heathen landlord, though there have been cases to my knowledge in which the temptation has been both great and effectual, but perhaps in few cases with good results. The Missionary's position is an unusually delicate one in India. He is there the representative of a dominant race, and in any right cause would possess an influence more than sufficient to counter-balance a landlord's wealth, while in any cause he would be a redoubtable antagonist. With such power, checked only by the ever-critical Civil Service (critical, I mean, where individual Missionary zeal in civil affairs are concerned), the Missionary cannot be free from the danger of improper intercourse, and in any such case the chances are that he does immense harm. When he interferes in a just cause, and happily he

often does so, he is the one representative man in India whose action is most effectual. He cannot be brought to a court-martial or made the subject of a Government minute. If his own mind is satisfied, and he can satisfy his committee at home, he is safe. The consciousness of these facts will always make a good man fearless in a right cause, and will only cause him the greater hesitation as to any action about which he has doubt. The highest ground of Missionary work in India—and the one ground that natives never misunderstood—is, "He went about doing good." I do not think the most eloquent preachers are the most successful, but the men whose practical kindness is best known. The names of some such men have endured, and remain household words among the last old men of their generation.

Education in India would be very imperfectly dealt with, even in outline, without reference to the Brahmins, but it will only be possible now in this paper to glance at them. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England a few years ago undoubtedly induced great bitterness among Englishmen in India. His denunciation of some was accepted as a general denunciation, and the cheers with which it was received in English public meetings were deemed "the unkindest cut of all." I do not think that from that time the intercourse between Englishmen and the younger body of the Brahmins has been kindly. I regret to say this—for the feeling is clearly founded on a misapprehension of what the Brahmin intended to convey to England. It is a year or so more than a century since Rammohun Roy, the great founder of Brahminism, was born, of a high and wealthy Brahmin family, in Burdwan. He was instructed in all the learning of his caste, but at an early age he doubted, and eventually, after years of study, travel, and communion with men of different races and creeds, he began to teach, both to classes of his countrymen and through the press. One of his tracts, "Against the Idolatry of all Religions," seems to have made him

many enemies, and among others several Missionaries. He held that the Vedas of India, so far from upholding idolatry, really established the unity of the one God. He selected from the writings of Christ all that he thought most beautiful and true, and published them with remarks which, applied to any teacher but Christ, would have been termed the eulogy of a disciple. Some of his works breathe a spirit of piety and reverence such as any of the purest fathers of the Christian Church in any age might have brought to the service of God. Rajah Rammohun Roy (he had been made a Rajah by the King of Delhi) died at Bristol in 1833, and a year later a disciple and warm friend, Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, marked by a monument over the grave the last resting-place of one of the great teachers of men. I do not purpose to tell anything of the history of the two bodies into which the followers of Rammohun Roy are now divided. It may be useful, however, to say that the elder body, the Adi Sumaj, is known for its wish to remain Hindoo, while the younger body, the Progressive Sumaj, does not affect to claim any part in Hindooism as a creed. Both Churches contain some pure and gentle spirits. Each has a literature (I have a vast number of the tracts of both before me now) with maxims and sentiments in which holiness of life is the central theme. A lecturer (there is no name to the tract, but I believe he is the minister of the Adi Sumaj, an excellent man) has these which I cull from among many equally good words:—

"The law of progress applies to religion as to other things. Is not progress to be perceived in the sacred writings of the Christians also? Was it not a great transition from the Elohim of Moses to the God of the New Testament? 'A change passes over the Jewish religion from fear to love, from power to wisdom, from the justice of God to the mercy of God, from the nation to the individual, from this world to another, from the visitation of the sins of the father upon the children, to every "soul shall bear its own iniquity;" from the fire, the earthquake, and the storm to the "still small voice."—[These, it will be observed, are the words of a Hindoo.]... Christian Missionaries remark the diversity of opinions

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prevailing among the Brahmists. The same might be remarked of Christians by Brahmists. The Brahmists, however, have this superiority over the followers of exclusive religions, that although an individual may have difference of opinion with the Sumaj on minor points, he is reckoned a Brahma if he agree in essentials. 'Unity in essentials, variety in non-essentials, and toleration in all,' might be predicated with greater correctness of the Brahmists than of Christians."

After some other remarks, the lecturer concludes:—

"Let us be pure and holy in our lives. Let us show to the idolater that our religion is not a dead religion, a religion only to be talked of and not acted up to. Let us make sacrifices for our religion, and thereby show our countrymen that we love it with all our minds, and all our hearts, and all our strength, then will they think that Brahmaism is something, and that it is not to be made light of. Let us think more of our country's than of our own interests. Let us direct our chief attention to the education and social improvement of our women, for if one half of our population be in darkness, how can the other half prosper? Let us be always up and doing, for our country is in a state of transition, and the duties of those who live at such a period are not light. Lord God, our Father, our Saviour, our Redeemer! give us strength to bear the trials of this awfully critical time. To Thee we look up for succour, for we are weak. Always grant the light of Thy countenance, for that light alone is our only consolation amid the darkness and dangers of our situation. From Thee alone come strength, comfort, and bliss. Forsake us not, but infuse patience, firmness, and fortitude into our souls, so that we may stand as witnesses of Thy glory to generations to come."

These are the words not of St. Augustine nor of Richard Baxter, but of one of the old Church of the Brahmists. The Church of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen holds the same views, and carries out the same sentiments into human intercourse. I would like very much to place the tracts of both Churches in the hands of any one who would wish to draw closer the cords of union with men who deserve so well of all who have a generous feeling for the future well-being of mankind. I believe, however, that Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen is well represented in England by an excellent lady. I would be well satisfied with the result of these papers if I could in ever so small a degree tend to draw the attention of

Englishmen to men of sentiments like those I have quoted—men who can make their own (embody in their textbooks) the charming words of Ben Adhem's dream:—

"What writest thou?"

'The names of those who love the Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay,

not so,'

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerful still, and said, 'I pray thee then

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'  
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God  
had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the  
rest."

There is, or recently was, in Calcutta, an American Unitarian minister, Mr. Dall, who has tried hard to bring Brahmaism and Unitarianism together, but so far I think he has failed. Mr. Dall is a devoted man, sacrificing ease, comfort, everything to his faith, and no arguments addressed to India could equal these, but Brahmaism knows what it aims at and wants, and that it must be Eastern if it would catch the popular sympathies, and guide them into safe channels. I may add that the elder body of the Brahmists is now scarcely at all divided from orthodox Hindoos in anything but faith. There is no social antagonism between them; and in this certainly lies as much hopefulness for India as in the impulse of the younger body, which is working very hopelessly. I never met Mr. Sen where talk was possible, but a younger brother of his I met under very favourable circumstances, and I had some pleasant conversation with him. I thought I never had met anywhere a gentler spirit, or one that was more likely in the future to help to infuse kind and generous sentiments into the minds of his countrymen. Among native Christians the names of two men trained for the Christian Ministry occur to me as representing suggestive facts. About a year and a half ago I was a fellow-passenger with one of these men, Mr. Sheshadri, a Presbyterian Missionary, connected with Bom-



bay, and I believe that though he had many critics at the outset, long before our arrival out every one on board had for him a most kindly regard. He was going away to a native state somewhere, to found native villages on a large and comprehensive plan, providing for instruction in trades and much besides. That he will succeed if he lives I am as certain as I am that his success will be deserved. The other gentleman is Mr. Lal Behari Day (both are entitled to be called "reverend," though), who has lately written a prize novel,<sup>1</sup> descriptive of native life. It is strange to find a prize offered by a Bengalee landlord—rigidly orthodox, that is, rigidly "heathen"—won by a native Christian; but no better proof could be given of the breadth of both the giver and the receiver of the prize. Baboo Joykissen Mookerjee is a rare man when compared with the enlightened men, not of India alone, but of all nations. Quite blind, and to that extent helpless, he is an excellent and forcible speaker, a shrewd administrator of a large and growing estate, and a kind and benevolent helper of all who need help and can show at once a good cause and a pure aim. If such a man lived for no other purpose, he would be invaluable as showing how a Hindoo, glorying in his faith, can at the same time hold out the hand of fellowship to Mahomedans, to Christians, to Brahmists, to men of all creeds and names. I would venture to claim the reader's interest in *Govinda Samanta*, if on these grounds alone; but the story has no need to be taken on trust. It is a graphic, clever, and, I believe, faithful picture of Bengalee home life—the life, it will be remembered, of which we so often hear that the shell never is broken for European eyes. Mr. Day introduces us, in simple, telling language, to many a strange scene—to the village, the naming of the child, the forecasting of his horoscope, the home, the school, the marriage, the ceremonies; to friendships, superstitions, festivals, and all manner

<sup>1</sup> *Govinda Samanta*; or, *The History of a Bengal Rajat*. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. London, Macmillan and Co.

of unknown things, and with the net result of a picture singularly complete. The book might be taken up as a curiosity (for is it not curious to find a native Christian coming to us in this way, at the invitation of a Hindoo Zemindar?), but it would be read as a story, and the amount of light thrown on native life is most striking. These are but two from among many instances of the development of the Christian life of India.

I have no doubt that many Anglo-Indians will say, as is usually said in such cases, that all this is very general and uninteresting writing. Well, I intended it to be general, because I know that people are much more likely to grasp a general fact, illustrated by personal observation, reduced even to bare outline, than to wade through the weary technicalities which so often adorn and repel from papers or books on India. What I have aimed at has been to convey on paper what passed through my own mind, and what remains in it still, in a digested form. Slight errors I may have made, but fundamentally I have stated facts; and where opinions are concerned, I have no hesitation in leaving them to men who, without any object to serve, are disposed to do what they can to benefit India, and to perpetuate in India, by strict justice, the rule of the Queen. An able writer, well known to English literature, Mr. Allardyce, editor of the *Ceylon Times*, in commenting, not by any means in terms of unqualified approval, on my first paper, said:—

"Our policy, then, for the safety of our power, as well as in kindness to India, is to keep ourselves in such a position as will enable us to immediately repress any popular ferment, and to crush disaffection before it succeeds in coming to a head. But it would be still better to frankly inquire into all the real sources of discontentment, and to remove them if we can, and if we cannot, to frankly tell the natives that they will have to put up with their grievances. Much better this than to seek to create a feeling of false security, where no security exists, and to deny evils instead of redressing them."

The article altogether is an acute and searching analysis of the paper, and

embodies also the independent view of a man of keen insight and cool resolution. The above words will show the spirit with which the writer would act in an emergency, and the spirit also in which he would build up security by redressing wrongs. But my object has been more particularly to direct attention to the latter. When Mr. Fox was asked, in view of a Coercion Bill, or Suspension of Habeas Corpus, what he would do to check the dangers pointed out by the Minister, his reply—almost a compendium of statesmanship, as point by point the Liberal policy was eloquently developed—resolved itself in effect into this—"I would remove the causes of complaint." We have no better guide in India. We have nothing in all English history more trenchant and true than the full text of those grand words.

It only remains now to conclude, and I shall do so by repeating what I said at the offset, that India (and I think after the foregoing extracts it will hardly be said that there is no intelligent opinion in India) is not satisfied either as to the rectitude of our aims or the value of our rule. When we boast of the latter, the native press has a ready reply: "Why, then, do people emigrate from British to native territory; while, unless in famine or pestilence, they do not emigrate from native territory to British?" It were easy to deny the accuracy of the statement, but it cannot well be gainsaid. In pestilence or famine the people come in for preservation, and the British Government rarely withholds its generous hand; but under ordinary circumstances they prefer native rule, with all its defects, to British rule, with all its iron perfections. It would be almost treason to say that one of the main difficulties of Anglo-Indian statesmanship is the gradual and certain increase of expenditure, whereas the subject is generally treated in England as resolving itself almost entirely into inelasticity of revenue. Either the country is or is not paying as much as under present conditions it is ever likely to pay, save

at the bayonet's point. If it is, then reduction of expenditure becomes the first question in politics; but that is a question too often pushed into the background. Civil officers are commended for great energy, for new bridges, new roads, plans for irrigation, new schemes of a hundred kinds—and, above all, for excellent and exhaustive minutes and reports; but very rarely do we hear of commendation for reduction of expenditure. Would it not be worth while making that one of the greatest qualifications for honour? Lord Mayo's division of income and expenditure into provincial assignments—a scheme which was criticised at the time, and which has been criticised ever since, without any one ever venturing to hit upon the part of it that was deemed unsound—gave to subordinate rulers the power to do what was heretofore in the hands of the Government alone. Lord Northbrook's control of the finances is believed to have been rigorous. It would be the nearest way to a great Indian reputation if any civil servant in high place could, with the help of some native administrator, cut down expenditure, and increase revenue in a way that would press lightly on industry. No one doubts that India, with fair play, would produce other men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao, both brought into prominence by the exigencies of native states; not in any way by the difficulties of British administrators. The absolute penury of the Princes of Travancore was Sir Madhava's opportunity. The mortal danger of Scindia was the opportunity of Sir Dinkur Rao. The financial administration of both was marvellous, transforming barren treasuries into treasuries of abundant wealth, and at the same time removing burthens under which the people had groaned, and making hostile populations loyal. This is no exaggeration. It is a bare fact which might be amplified to any extent, and with figures which never now are questioned. Why do we not employ such men, and raise them to high honour? Let us face the fact, as we

shall have to face it some day, in spite of all interests. It is because we are sending out men who put in a claim to all the high offices in India as their covenanted right. They have a right to much. No men, no class of men, have the right to say that the Queen shall be precluded from the service of any one of her subjects who can serve her best. When Parliament considers this subject fairly, we shall have advanced far beyond opium-duty and salt-duty discussions, on the way to a sound scheme of finance for India.

It may be useful to remember that only a few of our able administrators and officers in India have any real knowledge of the history of India, and that the great mass have no more knowledge of that history than they have of the history of the moon. I am using here, as my own, the words of a gentleman who has made Indian history a study, and who, perhaps, knows as much about the real state of the country as any man living. Yet these officers, military and civil, are the men from whom not merely the legislation, but the opinion—or the “thinking,” as this gentleman puts it—that must precede legislation, comes. In England, Parliament has the advantage of a great public opinion outside the legislative Houses. In India, the men who make the laws embody the opinion that precedes legislation; and when we remember how hard it is for them to enter into any native feeling, we shall see one of the gigantic difficulties of British rule in India. If Sir George Campbell’s well-meant scheme for vernacular education fail, one of the main causes will be

that we have no machinery whereby to secure an efficient inspection and control. Yet we continue to do what no conquerors of India ever did before; we refuse to employ the really able men of India; or, if we employ them, we do so in some capacity which is in fact an insult to them. Finally, I venture to ask once more, Why are not men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao invited to England by the Court, and entertained as befits their station? One shrewd man visited England, saw the might of the nation, and not only stood by us in the Mutiny, but by his influence and example bound to us many wavering chiefs. When Nepaul was invited to throw in its lot with the rebels, this astute man, its real sovereign, is credited with saying, in his laconic Eastern fashion, some such words as “No, I have stood on London Bridge.” Azimoolah Khan, it will be remembered, fresh from the Crimea, but with a foregone purpose, had spread it far and wide that all our men were exhausted, and that the whites in India eaten up no more could be sent to replace them. Jung Bahadoor had stood on London Bridge, and knew better. Cannot we induce a score more of able chiefs to stand on London Bridge? It would be well worth the trouble and cost. It might lead to undreamt-of results which could not fail to be healthy and beneficial. It certainly would lead to the sympathies of native chiefs and able men being bound up in the well-being and security of the Empire.

JAMES ROUTLEDGE.

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## VIRGIL AND TENNYSON.

VIRGIL and Tennyson! the one born B.C. 70, the other A.D. 1810—what can they have in common who are separated by such an interval of years, and whose surroundings are so entirely different? The one, the poet of the heathen autocrat Augustus, born in an age when "the world by wisdom knew not God," when if there was any real belief at all in men's hearts it was divided between "lords' many and gods many"—the other, the laureate of Queen Victoria, a worshipper of the one true God, a Christian, and an upholder of Christian verities—how can a parallel be drawn between the two? Certainly the accidents of their age, religion, polity, and outward manners seem to set them very wide apart. But these are but accidents. There remains, after due weight is given to these dividing influences, much in the two men themselves that admits of comparison—much in the works with which they have severally enriched the world.

It will be the purport of this paper to draw out this comparison: to bring together and set before our readers passages from Virgil and Mr. Tennyson which show them to be of a kindred spirit—alike in natural gifts and in the careful cultivation of those gifts: men cast much in the same mould, who have the same tastes and the same studies, who on many points think alike, and feel alike, and write alike: true brother poets, linked together by many a subtle link that is discoverable by students of their poems. And first, the two poets have this in common, that they are close and diligent observers of physical phenomena, investigators of nature's laws, watchers of the skies and of the sea, and of all that grows or moves upon the earth. Especially are they remarkable for their love of astronomy. Take,

for example, these splendid lines from the *Georgics*, ii. 475, in evidence of Virgil's thirst after the great science. "Me vero primum," &c., thus rendered by Dryden:—

"Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fired  
My soul is ravished and my brain inspired,  
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,  
Would you your poet's first petition hear,  
Give me the ways of wandering stars to  
know,  
The depth of heaven above and earth below.  
Teach me the various labours of the moon,  
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;  
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,  
And in what dark recess they shrink again;  
What shakes the solid earth; what cause  
delays  
The summer nights, and shortens winter  
days."

In keeping with these lines—as though the poet's prayer had been granted him—are the numerous allusions to the rise and setting of the signs, and to their place in the heavens which we meet with in Virgil. The most noticeable of these are in the *Georgics*, especially the invocation to Caesar in *Georgic* i., where the poet in a strain of exaggerated flattery discusses the future apotheosis of his patron, and invites him to add a new constellation to the Zodiac—

"Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,  
And seated near the Balance poise the days;  
Where in the void of heaven a space is free  
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?  
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,  
Yields half his region and contracts his  
claws."

Further on, in the same *Georgic*, the husbandman is exhorted to watch no less carefully than the sailor the stars in their courses, and to regulate his sowing according as this or that is in the ascendant. Barley he is to cast in when the sun is in the Balance, flax and poppies as well: millet, beans, and lucern "in

spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides"—thus poetically represented,—

"When, with his golden horns in full career,  
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,  
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern sphere."

Wheat must not be sown till the Pleiades and the Crown are set; vetches and lentiles may be planted from the setting of Arcturus till mid-winter. Turning to *Georgic* iii. we have the Scythians described as a race of savages who live under Charles's Wain (*Georgics*, iii. 382), and the shepherd is to shelter his sheep in south-looking places against the season of winter, "when chill Aquarius sprinkles with showers the closing year" (*Georgics*, iii. 304), while in *Georgic* iv. 231, we have this truly poetical picture of the two seasons for gathering the store of honey: the one in May, the other in the end of October corresponding with the rising and the setting of the Pleiades:—

"Two honey harvests fall in every year:  
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,  
And springing upwards spurn the briny seas.  
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys  
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind  
With a black train of storms and winter wind,  
They plunge into the deep and safe protection find."

Compare with these the following verses descriptive of celestial phenomena out of Mr. Tennyson's works. The first three extracts are from the "Princess":—

"The world was once a fluid haze of light,  
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,  
And eddied into suns, that, wheeling, cast  
The planets."

"Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone  
That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark;  
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue  
And bickers into red and emerald, shone  
Their morions wash'd with morning as they came."

"Then ere the silver sickle of that month  
Became her golden shield"—

Two other aspects of our satellite are given in these graceful lines from "The Voyage":—

"Far ran the naked moon across  
The houseless ocean's heaving field;  
Or flying shone the silver boss  
Of her own halo's dusky shield."

What follows is from "The Last Tournament," descriptive of the Aurora Borealis:—

"They fired the tower,  
Which half that autumn night like the live north  
Red-pulsing up through Alioth and Alior  
Made all above it as the waters Moab saw  
Come round by the east. And out beyond  
them flushed  
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea."

Our next extract shall be from "Maud," where the season is indicated by the position of the signs as seen on a clear night above the downs:—

"For it fell on a time of year  
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the  
Charioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west."

This figure of the grave is reproduced in "In Memoriam," No. lxxxvii., where Venus is pictured as about to follow in the wake of Jupiter:—

"And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave."

In the same group of poems, and evidently composed very late in the collection, the poet finds in the changed name and changed position of one and the self-same star an analogy to his own condition:—

"Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my past,  
Thy place is changed: thou art the same."

These quotations are evidences of Mr. Tennyson's love of astronomy. They show him to be, as Virgil was, a student of the stars; and that like Virgil he can clothe with a vesture of true poetry what he has seen and noticed of their motions and changes in the heavens.

Another point of resemblance between the two poets will be found in their constant reference to and description of the sea. Both must have had good opportunities for watching it in all its moods. Both must have lived, we think, much of their life within hearing of its waves; and both—*pace* a late writer in the *Cornhill*—have excelled in delineation

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tion of it. Here is a passage from *Georgic* iii. 237, brought in as a simile to illustrate the rush and roar of a bull prepared for fight with his rival, "Fluctus uti," &c. The rendering of it by Dryden is very insufficient, and we prefer to give the accurate prose translation of Conington:—"Like a billow which begins to whiten, far away in the mid sea, and draws up from the main its bellying curve; like it too, when rolling to the shore, it roars terrific among the rocks and bursts, in bulk as huge as their parent cliff, while the water below boils up in foaming eddies, and discharges from its depths the murky sand."

Again, the rising of the sea under the winds which *Æolus* has let loose is finely described in *Æneid* i. 83:—

"The winds rush forth,  
Then settling on the sea the surges sweep,  
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep;  
South, east, and west, with mixed confusion  
roll,  
And roll the foaming billows to the shore."

In contrast with this, we have in the same book the well-known description of a land-locked bay. "Est in secessu," &c. :—

"Within a long recess there lies a bay,  
An island shades it from the rolling sea,  
And forms a port secure for ships to ride :

No halsters need to bind the vessels here  
Nor bearded anchors: for no storms they  
fear."

As one further example of Virgil's sea descriptions let us take a passage from *Æneid* xi. 623, where the cavalry engagement between the Trojans and the Etruscans, first the one and then the other being the pursuers, is likened to the alternate advance and retreat of the waves. "Qualis ubi alterno," &c. Dryden takes eight lines to Virgil's five in his translation of it:—

"So swelling surges with a thundering roar,  
Driven on each other's back insult the shore,  
Bound on the rocks, encroach upon the land,  
And far upon the beach eject the sand.  
Then backward with a swing they take their  
way,  
Repulsed from upper ground, and seek their  
mother sea.  
With equal hurry quit the invaded shore,  
And swallow back the sand and stones they  
spew'd before."

This by no means exhausts the references in Virgil to the sea. Many more passages will occur to the reader which show that he had watched it, and could describe it well, in storm and calm alike. But let us turn to Mr. Tennyson, and see if he has not equalled, or even surpassed the Roman poet, in the truth and beauty of his delineation of this element.

Here is the sea as Mr. Tennyson saw it when a boy on the flat, stormy coast of Lincolnshire:

"Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy flats,  
And the hollow ocean-ridge roaring into  
cataracts."

Here again is the same sea, introduced by way of simile in "The Last Tournament":—

"As the crest of some slow arching wave,  
Heard in dead night along that table shore  
Drops flat; and after the great waters break  
Whitening for half a league, and thin them-  
selves,  
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,  
From less and less to nothing."

In "Maud" we find quite another beach and sea,—

"The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring  
of the land,"

And—

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung  
shipwrecking roar,  
Now to the scream of a maddened beach  
dragged down by the waves."

Visitors at Freshwater and the Needles will verify the truth of this, as also of what follows from "Sea Dreams," the scene of which is laid by the author upon a coast all sand and cliff and deep in-running cave:—

"But while the two were sleeping a full tide  
Rose with ground-swell, which on the fore-  
most rocks  
Touching, upjettied in spirts of wild sea  
smoke,  
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and  
fell  
In vast sea-cataracts."

Surely as a sea-picture this is perfect, and must be the envy of workers in the sister-art. Here are two other vigorous lines, and the last that we shall quote on this head. This from "Boadicea," where

the gathered Britons round their queen :—

"Roared, as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices."

And this from "Enoch Arden :"—

"The league-long roller thundering on the reef."

The above examples, we submit, show a similarity between Virgil and Tennyson in their treatment of the sea, in their careful drawing of its waves, and nice and true observation of its various moods.

Another point of resemblance we find in the battle pieces of the two poets, and in the love they both have of the pomp and circumstance of war. That Virgil has imitated Homer in this, and that Mr. Tennyson has profited by his imitation may be admitted. But there is something more than only imitation in their manner of dealing with martial subjects. They write of them *con amore*, as men who had "drunk delight of battle," for whom war had a fascination, who by the force of poetic genius realize to themselves and convey to their readers all the incidents of a combat, the blare of bugle, the flash of armour, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Out of a superabundance of instances let us take but the two following from Virgil. The first, the vigorous description of the encounter between Mezentius and Æneas, with which the Æneid x. concludes. Dryden is here very diffuse, and we prefer the rendering of Mr. Conington :—

"He ceased, and at the word he wings

A javelin at the foe ;

Then circling round in rapid rings

Another and another flings,

The good shield bides each blow.

Thrice, fiercely hurling spears on spears

From right to left he wheeled ;

Thrice, facing round as he careers,

The steely grove the Trojan bears

Thick planted in his shield.

"At length impatient of delay,  
Wearied with plucking spears away,  
Indignant at the unequal fray

His wary fence he leaves,

And issuing with resistless force,

The temples of the gallant horse

With darted javelin cleaves.

The good steed rears, and widely sprawls,

Distracted with the wound ;

Then heavily on the rider falls,

And pins him to the ground."

And this from Æneid ix. 748, where Pandarus is slain by Turnus. The version is Dryden's :—

"Then rising on his utmost stretch he stood  
And aim'd from high : the full descending

blow

Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks

in two,

Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring

sound,

His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling

ground,

Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel

divides,

And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides."

Now compare with these the following passages from Mr. Tennyson, which show him, we think, worthy to be classed with Virgil as a describer of feats of arms. We quote from the "Princess :"—

"The lists were ready—empanoplied and plumed,

We entered in, and waited ; fifty there

To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared

At the barrier—Yet a moment, and oncame

The trumpet—and again—at which the storm

Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears,

And riders front to front, until they closed

In the middle, with the crash of shivering

points

And thunder. On his haunches rose the

steed,

And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,

And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.

Part sat like rocks : part reeled but kept

their seats :

Part roll'd on the earth, and rose again and

drew :

Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses

—Down

From Arac's arm as from a giant's flail

The large blows rained.

And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the

Prince,

With Psyche's colours round his helmet,

tough,

Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms ;

But tougher, suppler, stronger he that smote

And threw him : last I spurred : I felt my

veins

Stretch with fierce heat : a moment hand to

hand,

And sword to sword, and horse to horse we

hung,

Till I struck out and shouted ; the blade

glanced ;

I did but shear a feather, and life and love

Flow'd from me : darkness closed me, and

I fell."

Many passages equally vigorous, descriptive of combat, might be found in the "Idylls of the King." We shall be content to adduce but two—this from "Elaine"—which will serve also to exhibit Mr. Tennyson's marvellous power as a sea painter:—

"They couch'd their spears and prick'd their  
steeds and thus,  
Their plumes driven backward by the wind  
they made  
In moving, all together down upon him  
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North sea,  
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears,  
with all  
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,  
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark  
And him that helms it, so they overbore  
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear  
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head  
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and  
remained."

And but these two lines from "Gareth and Lynette," in which Mr. Tennyson, has exactly reproduced, perhaps unconsciously, the fate of Pandarus:—

"And with one stroke Sir Gareth split the  
skull,  
Half fell to right, and half to left, and lay."

Turning from "wars and fightings," sallies and retires, and all the dire incidents of battle, in the description of which both poets have excelled, and looking to quite an opposite quarter for a further point of comparison and resemblance, we find in it the tenderness which marks alike the works of Virgil and Mr. Tennyson. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice (Georgic iv. 453); the fate of Priam (*Æneid* ii. 506); the description of Dido love-wounded (*Æneid* iv. 69); the lament for young Marcellus (*Æneid* vi. 860). The story of Nisus and Euryalus, with that most touching outburst of the mother's anguish, when she hears the untimely end of her son (*Æneid* ix. 481):—

"Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tunc illa  
senectæ  
Sera mea requies potuisti linquere solam,  
Crudelis?"

The death of Pallas, Silvia's wounded stag seeking refuge in its stall, and

\* Is it thus I behold you, my Euryalus!  
could you, the last solace of my old age, could  
you leave me thus desolate, O cruel one!

like one that begs for pity, filling the house with its cries (*Æneid* vii. 502), these are passages which at once occur to exemplify this feeling in Virgil. The tenderness of Mr. Tennyson is conspicuous in all parts of his poems, and it will be enough to mention "The May Queen," "The Lord of Burleigh," "The Grandmother," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," the dedicatory verses prefixed to the "Idylls," "These to His Memory," and "In Memoriam," throughout, as eminently illustrative of this quality.

And as in tenderness, so are these poets alike, and may be compared for a certain melancholy, leading them to take a depressing view of human life, of its shortness and its vanity, and all the ills to which flesh is heir. Thus Virgil in *Georgic* iii. 66:—

"Optima queque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit, subeunt morbi tristisque  
senectus,  
Et labor et dure rapit inclementia mortis."

"In youth alone unhappy mortals live.  
But oh! the mighty bliss is fugitive.  
Discoloured sickness, anxious labours come,  
And age, and death's inexorable doom."

And again, in the apostrophe of Mezentius to his war horse (*Æneid* x. 861):—

"Rhebe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,  
Viximus."

"O Rhebus! we have lived too long for me,  
If life and long were terms that could agree."

Compare with these sentiments the following from Mr. Tennyson's "Maud":

"We are puppets—Man in his pride, and  
beauty fair in her flower.  
However we brave it out we men are a little  
bred."

And this from his "Lucretius":—

"Tired of so much within our little life,  
Or of so little in our little life.  
Poor little life! that toddles half an hour,  
Crowned with a flower or two—and there  
an end."

And again from the same poem:—

"Rather plunge at once,  
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink  
Past earthquake—ay, and gout, and stone,  
that break  
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-  
life."

The resemblance here is more than accidental; it arises from essential congruity of sentiment in the two minds.

There is yet one other point of comparison we would draw, and that is between the philosophy of these two poets. Allowing for the difference which the age, education, and outward surroundings must be supposed to make in the matter, both Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have very similar sentiments about the *summum bonum* of their kind. They both are quietists—wooters of the passionless bride, divine tranquillity: placing happiness in a rural life, undisturbed by ambition, unfretted by care of human praise or human blame; masters of themselves, and not sworn to the words of any particular teacher. Here is Virgil's ideal from the *Georgics*, ii. 490:—

"Happy the man who studying nature's laws,  
Through known effects can trace the secret cause.

His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate.  
And happy too is he who decks the bowers  
Of Silvans, and adores the rural powers;  
Whose mind unmoved the bribes of courts  
can see,  
Their glittering baits, and purple slavery,  
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown."

And here is the counterpart from Mr. Tennyson in "Maud":—

"For not to desire or admire, if a man could  
learn it, were more  
Than to walk all day like the Sultan of old in  
a garden of spice."

And from the same poem:—

"Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet  
woodland ways,  
Where if I cannot be gay, let a passionless  
peace be my lot.

like a Stoic, or like  
A wiser Epicurean."

And in "A Dedication," in very solemn tones he begs the "dear, near" object of the poem:—

"Pray that he  
May trust himself; and spite of praise or scorn,  
As one who feels the immeasurable world,  
Attain the wise indifference of the wise."

But it is time to gather up our threads  
and draw to an end. We have sought

to show that Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have much in common; that they are alike in their study of physical phenomena; in their love of astronomy; in their painting of the sea; in their description of combats; in their love of martial spectacles; in their tenderness and melancholy; in the view they take of human life; in their philosophy; in placing man's best happiness in tranquillity.

The comparison might be pushed much further; and in more competent hands made more complete. Nothing has here been said of skill in composition; of artistic beauty of phrase; of finished excellence of workmanship; of refinement of polish; nothing of marvellous melody of rhythm; of the use of onomatopœia; of the supreme fitness of epithets; of the splendour of words and elevation of style; nothing of the numerous *feliciter dicta* and dramatic touches—points in which each of these great poets has shown himself a master: each has been without a rival in his own generation. But apart from these inviting topics of comparison, enough, we think, has been adduced to prove the thesis with which we started—to carry us out in maintaining that there is a resemblance, and that neither slight nor superficial, between the two; a resemblance closer than that between Macedon and Monmouth, founded on common points of disposition and genius, and traceable all throughout their several writings.

Both, we may add, are learned poets, on a level with the knowledge of their time; and yet both are out-door poets, fond of gardens and of flowers, with a keen eye for all that walks or creeps, or perches, or flies. Both are kind to the dumb creation, and careful watchers of their habits. Both are alike in temperament, shy and reserved, shunning crowds and popular notice. Both have caught the ear of kings, and earned their lasting gratitude and favour. Even in outward appearance, if we may trust tradition, the two are alike: tall, dark-complexioned, wide-shouldered, bearing in their very form the mark of strong

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men. Both would seem to have enjoyed easy circumstances, and to have been kept from those petty cares which drive away the Muse—

"Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile deesset  
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri:  
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina." <sup>1</sup>  
Juvenal, vii. 69.

And though while Mr. Tennyson is still happily with us it would be impertinent to press too close the comparison as to manners, fortune, reputation, and the like, future commentators may perhaps think that they see in the following lines from Mr. Conington's "Life of Virgil" a description applicable *mutatis nominibus* to either poet:—"In his fortunes and his friends Virgil was a happy man. Magnificent patronage gave him ample means of enjoyment and leisure; and he had the friendship of all the most accomplished men of the day. He was an amiable, good-tempered man, free from the mean passions of envy and jealousy. His fame was established in his life-time, and cherished after his death, as an inheritance in which every Roman had a share. And his works be-

<sup>1</sup> For if Virgil had to go without a servant and a decent lodging, all the snakes would fall from his hair, and the dulled trumpet would lose its martial ring.

came schoolbooks even before the death of Augustus, and continued such for centuries after. The learned poems of Virgil soon gave employment to commentators and critics. Aulus Gellius has numerous remarks on Virgil; and Macrobius has filled four books with his critical remarks on Virgil's poems."

How much of this is already true of our own poet! and how prophetic is the rest of what awaits him in years to come! There is little doubt but that Mr. Tennyson's works will hold a conspicuous place in classical education hereafter, and will be seen, like the Virgil of our youth, in schoolboy hands, well-thumbed and roughly-bound, as is the fate of such literature. Already have his chief poems exercised the skill of our best Greek and Latin translators; already are there growing up, or looming close at hand, volumes of notes to add to the difficulty of the context; and the mind shudders at the strokes which the Orbilius of the future will inflict on the pupil who shall come up without having learned his lines of Tennyson, or who shall be unable, when put on, to construe cantos xlv. or cx. (1st ed.) of "In Memoriam."

A LINCOLNSHIRE RECTOR.



## WHO WROTE HENRY VI.?

THERE always has been—there always will be—the greatest interest in determining accurately what are Shakespeare's writings, and what are not. Under cover of that mighty name much rubbish has for generations been palmed off on uncritical readers as valuable; and some intrinsically beautiful writing has been assigned to him, to the injury of the reputation of its real author. The latter wrong has been remedied in two exceedingly ingenious and altogether able papers, by Messrs. Hickson and Spedding, and Fletcher's claim to his share of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.* has been completely vindicated and accurately assigned. The former wrong has also been in part set right by the present writer, and the portions due to Shakespeare's creation in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Pericles*, ascertained with exactness. Fortunately, in these instances the metal can be separated from the dross, and its beauty enjoyed without diminution from alloy. Of the problems of a similar nature that remain unsolved, there is none equal in interest and importance to that on which the present paper is written; and as the evidence is of a nature which can in great part be expounded popularly, I have abstracted from my larger work on the subject as much as is necessary, I hope, to produce conviction. Up to the present time three distinct theories have been propounded. Firstly, Malone's, to the effect that the imperfect copies of the second and third of the three plays, which we call collectively *Henry VI.*, published under the names of *The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*, were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, and that Shakespeare, on this foundation, built the present plays. Secondly, Knight's,

that Shakespeare wrote both the imperfect and the completed plays. Thirdly, Mr. Grant White's, that Shakespeare, Greene, Marlow, and perhaps Peele, wrote the imperfect plays in conjunction, and that Shakespeare in the perfect plays reclaimed and added to his own work, rejecting that of his coadjutors. I shall not here attempt any refutation of these remarkable and imaginative theories, as I hope to give convincing evidence of the truth of my own. I shall merely premise that there is no evidence whatever for Shakespeare's having any share in either the early or late editions, except the solitary fact that the editors of the first folio included *Hen. VI.* in their collection; and the value of their evidence is shown by their rejecting *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which unquestionably were in the greater part written by Shakespeare. We may, therefore, start with perfectly unprejudiced minds in determining the question in hand as to the second and third of the three plays. The first, which we know only from the folio editions, has been rejected by nearly every editor of authority; how far rightly we shall see presently.

I shall begin, then, in the natural course, by examining the external evidences; for there is some evidence which has been strangely overlooked by preceding critics.

*External Evidences.*

The first of these concerns the history of the stage at the date at which these plays were produced. Were they connected with any particular companies of players? and can we trace them from their original actors into the hands of the king's company in 1623, when the first folio was published? I will begin with the second and third

plays, which I will call, from the name given them in the edition of 1600, *The Whole Contention*, when spoken of jointly, keeping the names of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* for their separate indication. For the plays in the folio I shall use the usual abbreviations — 1 *Hen. VI.*, 2 *Hen. VI.*, 3 *Hen. VI.*

Now as to the date of *The Whole Contention* it cannot well be later than 1592. *The Contention* must be as early as that, as it is indicated in a well-known passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a line from it is quoted. We shall want to refer to this passage again, and I therefore give it here. After addressing Marlow and "young Juvenal" (either Lodge or Nash), and advising their reformation, Greene apostrophizes Peele thus: "And thou no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven as myself to extreme shifts; a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy a better pass, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men, all three of you, if by my miseries ye be not warned; for unto none of you like me sought these burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they have all been beholding; is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's' heart wrapt in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired

inventions." This was written in 1592, the year of Greene's death, which gives a posterior limit of date for *The True Tragedy*.

Now, from 1592 onwards, we have some evidence as to the connection of Greene, Peele, and Marlow with various companies of players; and as these are the only writers, except Shakespeare, to whom we can assign the authorship of *Henry VI.* (all critics admit this), I will give an abstract of what we know. In 1592 Greene's play of *Friar Bacon* was acted (as were also his *Orlando Furioso*, and *The Looking-Glass for London* written in conjunction with Lodge) by Lord Strange's company. In 1594 this play was printed as played by Her Majesty's players. There is nothing to connect him with other companies, unless *George a Greene* be his production. This was acted by Lord Sussex's men in 1593. Peele's work, *The Old Wife's Tale*, and *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamides*, were also performed by the Queen's company, and published at the respective dates of 1595 and 1599. They may possibly have been, like Greene's, acted at some time by Lord Strange's men. That is all we know as to these authors. Marlow's *Tamberlane*, *Massacre of Paris*, and *Jew of Malta*, were all acted by Lord Strange's company in 1592-3; *Edward II.* by the Earl of Pembroke's in 1593; and *Tamberlane*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Faustus*, by the Admiral's, or the Lord Chamberlain's, or both together, in 1594. Putting these results side by side, we see Marlow was acted in three successive years by different companies: Lord Strange's in 1592, Earl of Pembroke's in 1593, and either the Admiral's or Chamberlain's in 1594. He probably kept the copyright of his works in his own possession.<sup>3</sup> Greene did so in his earlier career, and probably sold some of his copyrights to the

<sup>2</sup> But this play is not Peele's; Dyce is mistaken on this point.

<sup>3</sup> They belonged ultimately some to the Admiral's, some to the Chamberlain's company: the latter were acquired probably in 1600.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.*, Act i. Sc. 4.

Queen's company just before his death. Peele, perhaps, imitated his two rival authors, though it is of little importance to our present subject whether he did or not.

I may mention here that Mr. Halliwell has proved that Lord Strange's company were in 1594 incorporated with the Lord Chamberlain's. I inferred the same result from very different evidence to his—namely, from the title pages of these plays. I state this, not to claim any credit (that is due entirely to Mr. Halliwell), but to point out how these separate investigations confirm each other. In the same way my inference from internal evidence in Shakespeare's Sonnets (*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875), to the effect that Shakespeare must have acted in 1594, coincided with Mr. Halliwell's positive evidence to that effect, which reached me a month after my article was in type, finally corrected (10th November, 1874). To return.

How do these dates affect the question of the authorship of *The Whole Contention*? Thus. *The True Tragedy* was in the possession of Lord Pembroke's players in 1595, as Marlow's *Edward II.* was in 1593. As it was written in 1592, Marlow may or may not have been concerned, either alone, or with help, in writing it for Pembroke's company. But the evidence, such as it is, points to Marlow as one author. This is confirmed by the fact that *Titus Andronicus* was in the possession of the Earl of Sussex's men in 1593 when Greene and Marlow were connected with that company, and in 1594 it also was acted by the Lord Admiral's company in conjunction with others. Our evidence from this source, then, simply goes to exclude Shakespeare from any authorship of *The Whole Contention*, as he was never in connection with any company but the Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's, 1603), and perhaps Lord Strange's; and even in the title page of *The Whole Contention* in 1600 only the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and not the Chamberlain's, are mentioned. The earliest evidence of the

latter company having the play is in the statement (by T. Pavier)<sup>1</sup> in the 1619 edition that it was written by William Shakespeare. This assertion was made three years after Shakespeare's death, and we shall presently see its value.

With regard to 1 *Hen. VI.* the evidence is very different. It was acted by Lord Strange's company in 1592, but must have passed to the Chamberlain's servants before 1599, the almost certain date of 1 *Hen. V.* For in the epilogue to that play, we find :

"The world's best garden he achieved,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned  
king  
Of France and England, did this king succeed :  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France and made his England bleed,  
Which oft our stage hath shewn, and for  
their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

This play, then, unlike *The Whole Contention*, probably did not pass through the hands of the Earl of Sussex's company or the Earl of Pembroke's, but passed along with Lord Strange's company to the Lord Chamberlain's. Anyhow, they had it in Shakespeare's lifetime, and that is all we care about.

This evidence is not much yet, but it indicates this much, that Shakespeare had probably no hand in the original

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Halliwell has pointed out that the edition of 1619 of *The Whole Contention* is intermediate in character between the 1600 editions of the separate plays and the folio of 1623. He thinks this due to a partial revision by Shakespeare between these parts. I think it due to Pavier's having got a few more shorthand notes from the theatre, and used them to correct his stolen copy. Exactly the same phenomenon is observable in the editions of *Hamlet* (and in a less degree of *Othello*), where the second quarto is intermediate between the imperfect sketch and the folio, though much nearer the latter than in this case. Here, again, some modern editors I think quite wrongly prefer the quartos to the folios. The fact also that in the assignment of these plays to Pavier from Millington (1602), they are called the *first and second parts of Henry VI.* shows that they were not continuations of 1 *Hen. VI.*, which is called the *third part of Henry VI.* in Blount and Jagard's entry of 1623. Query : does this show posteriority of authorship ? I think not.

composition of any of these plays; that 1 *Hen. VI.* was the property of his company during his lifetime, probably from 1594; and that the presumption is that *The Whole Contention* was not theirs till much later, probably in 1600, possibly not till after his death.

Another branch of external evidence far too much neglected is the character of the publishers of early works. As 1 *Hen. VI.* was not issued separately, this kind of evidence does not bear on it; but *The Whole Contention* is in a different predicament, for the firm that printed it (Thomas Millington and his successor, T. P. that is, Thomas Pavier, really constitute but one firm, and did exactly the same kind of business, as I have shown elsewhere) were merely pirates and falsifiers. They deliberately forged Shakespeare's name on the title pages of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* and *Sir John Oldcastle*, and they published surreptitious editions<sup>1</sup> of *Pericles* and *Henry V.* This latter is an utterly worthless, garbled, abridgment of Shakespeare's play, evidently taken down at the theatre in shorthand, and has been honoured by reprinting much oftener than it deserves.<sup>2</sup> Neither Millington nor Pavier ever published an edition of any other play of Shakespeare's. The probability is, then, that T. P. forged his name on the title-page, and that the differences between his edition and 2 *Hen. VI.*, 3 *Hen. VI.* are of the same nature as those in his surreptitious *Hen. V.* This evidence again is not very important *per se*, but it is cumulative, and entirely confirms what was advanced before.

Now, let us look at the passage quoted above from Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. I entirely agree with Mr. R. Simpson's conclusive arguments, that it refers to Shakespeare only in his character as a player. I need not reproduce

his arguments here; I should spoil his admirable paper if I quoted only part of it, and for the whole I have no space. Since then Greene does not refer to Shakespeare as a writer; although the line quoted would have some point if taken from Shakespeare's writings, it would, I think, have more if taken from Peele, and understood as indicating a compliment to him. I am not using this as an argument that the line cannot be Shakespeare's, but that it may be Peele's; had it been Marlow's or young Juvenal's, Greene would surely have put it in the paragraphs where he was addressing them; and it cannot certainly, as some think, be his own. But our preceding evidence points to Greene, Marlow, and Peele as a group including all the authors of *The Contention*. This little point seems to indicate Peele as one and Greene as not one of them. Peele and Marlow are, therefore, so far the winning horses for the authorship of *The Contention*, and all three are equally eligible for that of 1 *Hen. VI.* in its original form. Now we pass to internal evidence. These divide into several heads, the first of which is

#### *Æsthetic Evidence.*

I mean by this the result of careful reading by a cultivated mind; the general flavour left on the palate after a copious, but not hasty libation. Now, I suppose no one will deny that the parts of 2 *Hen. VI.* which clearly detach themselves from the rest, are Act iii., Scenes 3, 4. The first of them with its death-speech of Beaufort:—

“Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?  
Can I make men live whether they will or no?  
O torture me no more; I will confess.  
Alive again? Then show me where he is,  
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.  
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.  
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,  
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.  
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary  
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him,”

<sup>1</sup> Although my text of *Marina* is printed from the wretched quarto surreptitious edition, I plead not guilty to the charge of selecting it; I worked under orders.

<sup>2</sup> In the same way *Titus Andronicus* was entered for publication by the printer (J. Danter) who published the first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*.

with the king's terrible afterword—

"He dies and makes no sign."

should be compared with Faustus's death:—

"*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*

The stars move still, time runs, the clocks will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me down?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.

One drop of blood will save me. Oh, my Christ!

Read not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!

Where is it now? 'Tis gone.

And see a threatening arm, an angry brow! Mountains and hills—come, come, and fall on me!

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!"

with the chorus comment—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

Not even in Shakespeare is there a death-scene of despair like either of these two. But the whole scenes should be read to judge them fairly.

And in the next scene none but the same hand could have written:—

"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,

Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,

That drag the tragic melancholy night."

In 3 *Hen. VI.* the second and fifth Acts are conspicuously different from the other three. One can hardly show this by quotations, but the speech of Henry in the former:—

"Oh, God, me thinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain,

To sit upon a hill as I do now

To carve out dials quaintly point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they run.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh what a life were this? How sweet, how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroidered canopy

To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

Oh yes, it doth."

or Richard's in Act v.:—

"Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it!

I have no brother; I am like no brother;

And this word Love, which greybeards call

divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me: I am myself alone,"

can certainly not be paralled in the other Acts. They are worthy of the man who wrote:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,

And burst the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will be Paris,

And I will wound Achilles in the heel—

And then return to Helen for a kiss;

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

I do not quote these last passages for comparison; but merely to show that "sweet Marlow" had beauty and music enough in him to have written any of the bits which are usually quoted as proofs that Shakespeare must have written part of these plays because they are too good for any one else. On the other hand, Marlow could not have written the Cade part of 2 *Hen. VI.*, nor the quick thrust-and-parry of the wooing scene between Edward and the Widow. He had no humour whatever in his composition, nor had Greene, but Peele had, and his works abound with similar passages. Compare, for instance, *Edward I.* Scene 6, with the latter of these scenes, and Scene 8 with the Cade part of 2 *Hen. VI.*

I wish I could quote these scenes; but humour cannot be illustrated in short passages, as horror and cynicism and exquisitely delicate thought can. I only hope the reader will turn to Peele and read him himself. It would, moreover, take us too far from our argument to discuss this point at length, as I believe no one likely to dispute it.

In 3 *Hen. VI.*, although the same hand is visible in Acts i., iii., iv., as in the greater part of 2 *Hen. VI.* it is evidently more cramped and laboured: the writer is out of his element: he does not care for battles and combats, and in



Acts iii., iv. gets away from them whenever he can. He is clearly writing under orders, and does it not badly, but not at his best. Marlow is therefore probably the principal arranger or plotter, and Peele his subordinate.

In 1 *Hen. VI.*, Marlow's hand is visible at the outset:—

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day  
to night,  
Comets imparting change of times and  
states  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting  
stars,  
That have consented unto Henry's death!"

But it is the Marlow of *Tamberlane*, not of *Faustus* and *Edward II.* The same hand runs through i., 1; i., 3; iii., 1; iv., 1; v., 1. An inferior hand, exactly in Greene's style, has had the French plot intrusted to him; he has written—i., 2; i., 4; i., 5; i., 6; ii., 1; ii., 2; ii., 3; iii., 2; iii., 3; iv., 2; iv., 3; iv., 4; iv., 5; iv., 6; iv., 7; v., 2. In this part there are three scenes in rhyme. I shall speak of them presently. There are also three scenes—iv., 4; v., 1; v., 5—which are quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and are by some one who is neither Greene, Peele nor Marlow; and one scene, ii., 4, which in the opinion of Sidney Walker, and, I think, of every one who reads it attentively, is certainly by Shakespeare<sup>1</sup>—date, between *Richard II.* and *John*. Thus far I am speaking only of the general impression produced in reading, and if I seem to pronounce too dogmatically, it is for brevity's sake, and not as by any means prejudging the question at this stage of the inquiry. Let us now look to the power of characterization, or dramatic power, properly so called.

#### *Power of Delineating Character.*

Here, again, there is a manifest difference between the parts I have assigned to Peele in *The Whole Contention* and those I have given to Marlow. Of all

<sup>1</sup> Act ii. Sc. 5 is neither Marlow's nor Greene's; is it Shakespeare's?

the personages handled by the latter, *Richard*, and *Richard* only, stands out fairly from the background. But *Richard* was done to his hand by the chroniclers. In all his grand passages, such as the deaths of Winchester and Suffolk, it is the circumstance, and not the man, that impresses. We think of the despairing agony of the cardinal and the magician, not of Beaufort or Faustus as people whom we know. He is the tragedian of situations, not of men. Hence his great difference from Shakespeare, hence also his inferiority. Peele, on the other hand, is in this respect the greater master of the two. Who recognizes Northumberland, Exeter, and the rest of the nobles of Henry's court as individuals? But Henry, Margaret, Iden, Cade, and the rest in Peele's part of the play, have a distinct personality; they are creations of a lower order than Shakespeare's, but still creations. Yet, after all, on this as on the cognate questions of the amount of life-knowledge and experience, much must be left to the personal judgment of the reader. I am specially anxious not to dogmatize on such points. I have seen so many failures in dogmatic criticism, that I do not wish to weaken my argument by offending any one's prejudices in this respect. Nor shall I say anything on knowledge of stage technicalities; I leave this for more competent hands.

Thus far, then, we have obtained a strong probability that 1 *Hen. VI.* is the production of Marlow and Greene, with a few additions; 2 *Hen. VI.* and 3 *Hen. VI.* of Marlow and Peele; that Marlow was the original plotter or constructor of all three plays. It is time, then, to answer in general terms the objections that may be made by the supporters of the previously advanced theories. We will afterwards proceed to consider the metrical evidence.

1. It is said by the Malone party that the differences between *The Whole Contention* and *Henry VI.* are too great to be accounted for without supposing a subsequent editor; for instance, that the lines corresponding to a passage

already quoted must be a first draft. These are the lines:—

"Why *did he not in his bed?*  
What would you have me to do then?  
*Can I make men live whether they will or no?*  
*Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the*  
*Pothicary sent me.*  
Oh, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth  
stand,  
And stares me in the face. Look, look, *comb*  
*down his hair,*  
So now he's gone again. Oh! oh! oh!"

I have italicized the words that occur in the complete play, as in my unpublished edition of the parallel texts of these plays I have done for every word in them, and I confidently ask the reader if there is anything in the words not italicized that shows any art superior to a makeshift version of a short-hand note-taker at the theatre. But more than this: We know that such versions in pirated editions are common. Here is one from the first edition of *Hamlet*, which play Dr. Abbott has investigated independently, and come to the conclusion that there is not a line in it beyond what is in the second quarto that he believes to be written by Shakespeare.<sup>1</sup>

"To be or not to be, I there's the point,  
To die to sleep, is that all? I all:  
No, to sleep to dream, I marry there it goes,  
For in that dreame of death, when we awake,  
And borne before an everlasting Judge,  
From whence no passenger ever return'd,"  
&c.

Does any one think that this passage is a first draft of Hamlet's famous soliloquy? I fancy not. Then why must Beaufort's death-scene be a first draft?

But then they change face and say: There are many passages that are really good, but which in the later text are replaced by better which are entirely different. Thus, near the end of 2 *Hen. VI.*, in Clifford's speech, after a long piece that does not occur in the quarto, he says:—

"Henceforth I will not have to do with pity,  
Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many goblets will I cut it  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.  
In cruelty I seek out my fame.  
Come, then, new ruin of old Clifford's house:

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—I do not agree with this entirely.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.  
But, then, Æneas found a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine."

In *The Contention* this stands thus:—

"Sweet father to thy murdered ghost I swear  
Immortal hate unto the house of York,  
Nor shall I never sleep secure one night,  
Till I have furiously revenged thy death,  
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.  
[He takes him up on his back.  
And thus as old Anchises' son did bear  
His aged father on his manly back,  
And fought with him against the bloody  
Greeks!  
Even so will I. But stay, here's one of  
them  
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal  
hate."

[Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his  
father, fights with him, and Richard flies  
away again.

Did Greene, Marlow, or Peele, all of them true poets, two of them great poets, write this stuff? Is it not clearly an interpolation<sup>2</sup> of players who wanted to introduce a combat to please the groundlings? But we cannot examine more passages. In my unpublished texts of *Hamlet* and of these plays every passage is criticised in detail: if they ever appear, I am confident that my case will be proven, if indeed it is not so already. Come we then to

### The Metrical Evidences.

One general consideration makes of itself a strong case against Messrs. Knight and G. White. *The Contention* must have been written by 1592. At that time Shakespeare is granted to have written nothing that we know of beyond *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (i)<sup>3</sup> *Love's Labour's Won*, and possibly *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In all these we find a large abundance of rhymes, alternate

<sup>2</sup> The marks of piratical reproduction are: 1. Words chiefly exclamatory (*'death*, for instance), introduced at the beginning of lines. 2. Omissions of words needful for the sense and metre. 3. Mangling of the sense by misarrangement of words. 4. Erroneous metrical division of the lines. 5. Filling up of lacunae by inferior matter. All of these occur in *The Whole Contention*.

<sup>3</sup> I think this play was later, 1594-5.

rhymes, stanzas (sometimes sonnets), and in all but the last-named many doggerel rhymes. Well, they will say, what of that? These are tragedies, those are comedies. True, but Shakespeare according to them wrote *Romeo and Juliet* his first tragedy, and *Richard II.* his first history, in the same rhyming style as his comedies. If he wrote *The Contention*, or any part of it, he must have done so at the time when he wrote *Richard III.*, to which they are closely allied in metre. But he certainly did not write *Richard III.* so early as the above-named plays. Therefore he did not write *The Contention*; which drives my opponents back to their last refuge, Malone's theory. If they say, well, you object to our hypothesis, according to your view you must produce evidence of your own kind; where are there any metrical peculiarities in Marlow, Greene, and Peele? No one has yet seen any in their blank verse, and there is a clear presumption against Peele, because there are no such rhymes as *royal, withál; agó, ráinbow*, etc.: then I interpose and say *Haltes là*, that is just my point. Thank you for your argument. In Peele there are many lines with an extra syllable in the middle of the verse; not like Shakespeare's, with a pause after it, as in—

"Or I | mistake | *you.* || O would | her name  
were  
The cove | ring sky | is no | *thing.* || Bo-  
he | mia noth | ing,"

in which moreover the extra syllable is in Shakespeare a light one: but without a pause, and often a heavy syllable. Here are a few instances from Edward I.

"Owen | apRice | while wē stay | for fur |  
ther force,  
Victo | rious Ed | wārd tō whom | the  
Scot | tish kings  
Lovely | queen El | Inōr, un | tō hēr turn |  
thine eye  
Baliol | behold | I give | thēē thē Scot | tish  
crown.  
Our so | lemn ser | vice ōf co | rona | tion  
past."

These all occur in two pages, the first I open: here are some from 2 *Hen. VI.*

"Duke Hum | frēy hās done | a mi | racle |  
to-day.  
You make | In ā day | my lord | whole  
towns | to fly.  
Under | the coun | tēnānce and | confe |  
dēracie  
The sec | ond Will | iām ōf Hat | field and  
| the third,  
And left | behind | him Rich | ārd hīs on |  
ly son  
Till Hen | ry Bull | ingbrōoke duke | of  
Lan | caster."

All from one page.

Such lines do not occur in Greene or Marlow; and in Shakespeare only very rarely till the end of his career. Here then we have our quantitative test, and on applying it we find our results confirmed. There are lines of this kind in every verse scene in 2 *Hen. VI.*, except the two great Marlow scenes already pointed out. In those two there are no such lines.

In 3 *Hen. VI.* there are such lines in every scene in Act i., Act iii., Act iv. (except Scene 8, which should properly be joined to Act v.) Hence we may fairly conclude that in the other scenes Peele had no share. The peculiar rhyme also occurs at least in one instance at the end of Clifford's speech in 2 *Hen. VI.* Act iv. Scene 8—

"To France, to France, and get what you  
have lost,  
Spare England, for it is your native coast;  
Henry hath money, you are strong and  
*manly,*  
God on our side, doubt not of victory."

With regard to the many minute points of metre which I have noted, the details which I have counted, &c., I will spare the reader; they would be out of place unless addressed to students of early literature. I need only say, that all the percentages agree with those I have gathered from a metrical investigation of Marlow, Greene, and Peele through all their works; and are given in full in the edition I have prepared of these plays.

I must notice however the great abundance of rhyme in 1 *Hen. VI.*, Act iv. 2-7, and v. 2. This is so remarkable as at first sight to seem to point to another author; but the same phenomenon is observable in Greene's

*James IV.*, where nearly whole scenes are written in rhyme, while his *Orlando* and *Friar Bacon* have comparatively very few. His practice in this respect was clearly irregular. Mr. R. Simpson, the best authority we now have on the plays of this date, will perhaps give us a complete chronology of them which may explain Greene's change of metre.

It remains to say somewhat as to style. Malone has given a list of classical allusions from 1 *Hen. VI.*, which he regards as showing conclusively that that play was not written by Shakespeare; but he has curiously omitted to note that they occur abundantly not only in 2 *Hen. VI.* and 3 *Hen. VI.*, but in the very parts of those plays which, not being in *The Whole Contention*, he regards as Shakespeare's additions. As this bears so strongly against all the theorists who hold that Shakespeare had any part in these dramas it will be worth while to give a few instances.

- "1. As did the fatal brand Althea burnt  
Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon."

Compare with this *Hen. IV.* Act ii. Sc. 2, "Althæa's Dream":—

- "2. To sit and watch me as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido would unfold,  
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy.  
"3. And now like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
"4. As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.  
"5. Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus.  
"6. As victors wear at the Olympian games.  
"7. As Ulysses and stout Diomed,  
With sleight and manhood stole to  
Rhesus' tents."

These are so unlike Shakespeare's writing that those who claim for him a hand in *Hen. VI.* are driven to assert that in his early work he imitated the style of his fellow-workers. If such a doctrine as this is admitted, we may as well give up criticism altogether. Not only did he in the earliest works we know to be his write in a perfectly distinct style of his own, but all through his career his work can confessedly be separated from others. From *The Taming of the Shrew*, from *Henry VIII.*, from *Timon*

and *Pericles*, from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, it is quite clear that when he wrote with others he never altered his own style a jot, that whether he altered theirs is a moot question. Never was there a man who wrote in so many distinct styles, and in every one of them retained a perfect individuality. Fletcher and Massinger wrote individually enough, but always the same; as they began so they ended. Yet they never imitated any one, nor were ever suspected of doing so: it was reserved for this age of criticism to maintain that England's greatest man was a purloiner of other men's plumes in a worse sense than poor Greene meant.

(There are abundance of other arguments from the use of Latin quotations and similes, the use of words certainly not Shakespearian in both *The Whole Contention* and the additions made thereto in *Henry VI.*, the use of expressions found also in Peele, Greene, or Marlow, and similar verbal matters;) but these, though valuable to the student, make heavy reading, and at present I must only say that I have worked these completely out with greater labour than the result is worth, and that the verdict of all these tests unites in confirming our conclusions from what I have here laid before the reader, that Shakespeare had no hand in any part of *Henry VI.*, except in the scene in the Temple Garden the next to it; no hand, that is, as a writer. He may have corrected *Hen. VI.*; certainly not have originally written any one scene of 2 *Hen. VI.* or 3 *Hen. VI.*

(Our investigations, then, bring us back to our starting-point; only instead of saying there is no evidence of Shakespeare's having written any part of *The Whole Contention*, we can now say there is evidence of the strongest kind against it. These plays were produced by companies unconnected with Shakespeare, published by a piratical house in the habit of putting his name to productions manifestly spurious. They consisted of surreptitious fragments taken down in short-hand at theatrical performances, and patched up by some inferior hack,

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hired to write additions, or by some strutting player, who interpolated bits of sensation for the groundlings. At the same time the genuine plays from which these were stolen, bear throughout in their diction, their power and weakness, their amount and kind of dramatic characterization, their style, their metre, their handling of the classics, palpable evidence of having been written by Peele and Marlow. The question still remains—How came they in the first folio? The answer is not hard to find. It is clear that somehow they had before 1623 got into the hands of the King's players (formerly the Chamberlain's); the play of 1 *Hen. VI.* belonged to the same company, and had been dovetailed to them by the addition of its last scene, which is neither Greene's nor Marlow's, like the greater part of the play; Shakespeare was known to have added to this history (Act ii. Sc. 4), and probably to have corrected it throughout. (The editors then finding Shakespeare's name on the title-page of *The Whole Contention*, and having very possibly acquired their property in 2, 3 *Hen. VI.* after his death,<sup>1</sup> concluded that these as well as 1 *Hen. VI.* were revised and altered by him, and issued them altogether as parts of one work.) The persistency of recent critics in perpetuating their blunder is their best excuse. They may also be pardoned on account of their want of critical discrimination. I have already noticed their omission of *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Besides this it is clear that they began to print *Troilus and Cressida* for this edition, to follow *Romeo and Juliet*, and paged it accordingly, but afterwards changed their intention, and inserted in its place *Timon of Athens*, which did not nearly fill up the vacancy. Then they printed *Troilus and Cressida*, and inserted it unpagged, except at the beginning, between the histories and tragedies, even then not inserting its title in their

index. This indecision about a play so clearly Shakespeare's in its best parts is a strong confirmation of what I have previously advanced.

(And here it might seem our task ends. But there is a greater difficulty behind. There is such a similarity between parts of 2, 3, *Hen. VI.* and *Richard III.* as distinctly to show a unity of authorship. Phrases not occurring elsewhere in Shakespeare are frequently repeated in these plays, and there is a continuity in the plot, and in the character of Richard especially, that is unmistakable.) I cannot here treat of the play of *Richard III.* but I may indicate the outlines of my theory. No one can read the play without feeling that the true Shakespeare is not fully shown till we come to the battle; the last three scenes, and those only, show Shakespeare's free handling; and there are through the play many touches of his. But the following points must be well weighed before my argument is touched by that, apparently, strong objection.

(1. *Richard III.* is entirely free from the classical allusions and Latin quotations so frequent in *Henry VI.* both in the parts common to *The Whole Contention* and the parts peculiar to itself. This alone is sufficient to indicate an author or authors different from the main plotter of 2, 3, *Hen. VI.*

2. There is strong reason to believe (the evidence turns on many small points too numerous to give here) that Marlow revised *The Whole Contention*, just as Shakespeare did 1 *Hen. VI.* and added even in Peele's part of the work) I hope to give evidence of this in a future paper.

(3. The similar parts in *Richard III.* and 2, 3, *Hen. VI.* occur entirely in the parts that contain Peele's peculiar form of line, never in the other parts.

4. That in the different readings so abundant in this play, which mark a different origin for the quarto and folio, and have given all editors so much trouble, but have as yet never received any satisfactory explanation, there is clear evidence that the quarto has in

<sup>1</sup> But if, as I think, they acquired them in 1600, Shakespeare may have corrected them; he certainly did not write or rewrite any part of them.



many cases been changed to suit the ideas of the folio editor with regard to metre. These have been looked on as evidence that the quarto was the more genuine of the two; and so it is in a sense hitherto undreamed of. I will give one or two as examples; they exist in great numbers in the first four acts.

"The bet | ter that | it please | your good  
lord | ship to ask."

"Good" is omitted in the folio.

"The cit | izens | are mum | and speak | not  
a word."

"And" is omitted in the folio.

In the numerous cases of this kind a line of Peele's form is changed into one of Shakespeare's second period. The converse never takes place. But in Act v., Scenes 2, 3, 4, all this alteration ceases, and the metre, like the style, becomes pure Shakespeare.

5. Again, there are historical mistakes in *Henry VI.* that do not occur in *Richard III.* Lady Grey's husband is said, in *Henry VI.*, to have fallen fighting for the Yorkists; in *Richard III.* (rightly) the statement is reversed. Just so in 1 *Hen. VI.* (part shown by the metre to be by the author who added the last scene after Shakespeare's death to connect 1 *Hen. VI.*, and 2, *Hen. VI.*), Henry "remembers what his father said;" in the other plays he is (rightly) "crowned king at nine months old." In 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 2. 41, we are told that Mortimer was kept in captivity by Glendower till he died; in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5 (Query: Shakespeare's), he is introduced as a prisoner in the Tower, and says:—

"Since Harry Monmouth first began to reign,  
This loathsome sequestration I have had."

In 3 *Hen. VI.* the Prince of Wales marries Lady Anne, who is said to be Warwick's eldest daughter, in *Richard III.* she is rightly called Warwick's youngest daughter. Nothing can more plainly show a different supervisor of the plays (or plotter) than this, however modern editors may slur it over. Now we can explain these hitherto insoluble phenomena. At

Peele's death, his play of *Richard III.*, meant to conclude the trilogy of 2 *Hen. VI.*, and 3 *Hen. VI.*, was left unfinished. Shakespeare finished it, revised it, and it was produced by the Chamberlain's company. The Shakespeare part is Act v., Scenes 2, 3, 4, and the alterations made in the folio. The quarto edition represents Peele's work much more closely than the folio, being Shakespeare's first hurried revival of the play; I say hurried, for the careless metre shows it to have been so; I mean the metre of Act v. The quarto was published in 1597, which must have been after Peele's death. The date of this is unknown, but, from an allusion in Meeres' *Palladis Tamia*, is fixed as earlier than 1598. I do not know of any critical discovery from internal evidence that rests on a surer basis than this, and my investigations respecting *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* though made at an interval of seven years from each other, confirm each other most remarkably. The rhyme ratio for the Shakespeare scenes comes out as 1:12 which gives a date of 1594 or thereabouts, agreeing exactly with my theory of metrical tests.

A few words on *Titus Andronicus* and I have done. This play has always presented difficulties to the critic. It is so repulsive in plot, so unlike Shakespeare in all his higher characteristics, so like the school that preceded him in metrical handling, that all the sounder critics from Malone to Halliwell have rejected it on internal grounds. It has, however, been admitted (unwisely, I hope to show) that the external evidence is in its favour. My present object is to adduce proof that the external evidence is on the other side.

Nothing beyond these two points can be alleged for it. 1. That Meeres mentions it in his *Palladis Tamia* as Shakespeare's. 2. That the editors of the Folio 1623 included it in their edition. Full weight must be allowed to these considerations though they are not very heavy; and Mr. Halliwell's ingenious conjecture that Shakespeare's

play<sup>1</sup> is lost, and that remaining to us is by an earlier author, would go far to dispose of them; supported as it is by the proof adduced by the Cambridge editors that a second play existed, whose copyright belonged to Millington in 1602, when he sold it to Pavier. These persons were, as noticed above, notoriously piratical of Shakespeare's plays; whereas the play we now have was the property of J. White in 1600 and in 1611, at which dates the only quarto editions we know of were published.

But there is stronger evidence than this. The title page of *Q*<sub>1</sub> (1600) states that the play had been acted by the servants of—1. Earl of Derby; 2. Earl of Pembroke; 3. Earl of Sussex; 4. The Lord Chamberlain. But on turning over the leaf we find "as it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of *Sussex* their Servants." The insertion of the Lord Chamberlain in the title was clearly made after the printing of the play. We know not if the edition was then newly printed, or as is possible, a remainder of the edition entered by J. Danter on the Stationers' books in Feb. 6, 1594, with a new title. This was, and is a common device of publishers of a certain class, although in this instance Danter's edition was more likely one of the play afterwards possessed by Millington. The play as we have it then probably came into the possession of the Chamberlain's company at or shortly before 1600. But had it been Shakespeare's it would have been theirs from the first; for he certainly never wrote for any other company but the Chamberlain's, and, perhaps, Lord Strange's. No connection between him and any of the companies of Derby, Pembroke, and Sussex has been proved or is likely to be possible. Marlow is the only author of note that can be traced as writing for Pembroke's company. *The Contention* is no exception to this statement, as I have tried to show above. Nay, more, in *Q*<sub>2</sub> (1611), although "The King's Majestie's Servants" alone

are mentioned on the title-page, the notice of Derby, Pembroke, and Sussex at the beginning of the play itself remains unaltered.

The play was acted by Sussex's players at the Rose in 1592; and if we may trust the "25 or 30" years mentioned in the Induction to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) must have existed at least as early as 1590, about which date, I believe Marlow to have written it. It is exactly in his style, and is a strong instance of the avoidance of rhyme to which Marlow was so opposed. Shakespeare in his work earlier than 1593 abounds in rhyme, and not only wrote in a style totally different to this play as regards all higher matters, but also in verse-structure and rhythmic pause.

Another important point is the fact that the quarto editions do not bear Shakespeare's name. The only other plays attributed to him which were published without his name after 1598, were *Henry V.* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The *Henry V.* is a mangled, surreptitious, and almost worthless piracy of Pavier's, and the *Romeo and Juliet* is only in part Shakespeare's, as I hope to show in a continuation of this paper, so that there was good reason for omitting his name in these instances. But the *Andronicus* is a complete play, and almost, if not quite, by one hand; it is a perfect copy (except one short scene omitted for stage purposes) and it is evidently printed with authority, and with unusual care. There is no parallel to such a play being produced without the name of its author when the author was as popular as Shakespeare was in 1600, and still more in 1611. It may be interesting to add the names of some critics who have espoused the several sides in the matter.

Against Shakespeare's authorship are the tradition in 1687 (Ravenscroft), Pope, Theobald, Johnson, Rowe, Steevens, Farmer, Malone, Drake, Singer, Dyer, Hallam, Hartley Coleridge, Halliwell, W. S. Walker, Craik (†), Ingledby, Staunton, and nearly all other English editors. Some of these admit the

<sup>1</sup> Was this lost play the *Titus and Vespasia*? See Kohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*.

possibility of a few touches by Shakespeare.

For Shakespeare's authorship are Capell, Collier, Knight, R. G. White (with Greene (!) and Marlow), Verplanck, Kohn, Schlegel, Ulrici, Horn, Kreyssig, Gervinus, Richard Simpson, and German æsthetic critics generally.

It is singular that the bulk of the authority on this side should be composed of those who are supposed to understand Shakespeare best, though at so great a disadvantage from not being natives of the same country with him. The upholders of Shakespeare's authorship of *Andronicus* (mainly or entirely) must be prepared to admit the following propositions. First that Shakespeare allowed a work of his (carefully edited, and so far differing from all editions of his admitted plays) to be printed twice after 1598 without his name on the title-page. Secondly, that Shakespeare wrote one play, and one play only, for a rival and inferior company; that this play was handed down from one company to another till after three changes it reached his own company's hands. Thirdly, that this play was set up in type for a rival company, but published for his own; and that the reprint of eleven years after was allowed to remain with this feature unaltered. Fourthly, that Jonson during Shakespeare's life-time sneered at it by name in his Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*. After these admissions they can deal with the internal evidence.

In conclusion, I would state, that my chief desire in calling attention to this matter is to show how necessary it is

to examine the external evidences more closely than has hitherto been done. Mr. Swinburne's eloquent and needful protest against those who fancy that mere counting of syllables can by itself lead to any possible results needs only an equally eloquent and reasonable denunciation of the critics who decide questions of authorship and date solely from their own peculiar instincts, and utter their decisions with the authority of a judge or an oracle, without reading any of the works of the many eminent men who have devoted their time to the examination of these questions, to produce a school of criticism equally free from the blinded narrowness of the pedant who can merely count on his fingers, and the shallow arrogance of the would-be critic or poet who thinks that his capacity is large enough to serve as a measure of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, or even of the greater among his contemporaries.

And now, patient reader, farewell! I know if we have travelled together thus far through arid deserts of detail and mists of swampy criticism, you must be, like myself, a faithful, humble admirer of the greatest man that God has sent into this land of ours. Neither will you deem that the stripping off these feathers that others have bedizened him with will lessen one tittle the beauty of the eagle's plumage. He wrote *Lear*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*; to him we owe Falstaff, and Touchstone; no criticism can touch these. We ought to measure him by the height he reached, not by the number of steps he took in reaching it.

F. G. FLEAY.

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## LOCKE'S EXPULSION FROM OXFORD.

IN the concluding paragraphs of his interesting article in the August number of this magazine (pp. 312, 313), Mr. Mark Pattison has succinctly told the story of Locke's expulsion from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1684; and, as others have done before him, has thrown the chief blame of that disgraceful procedure on Bishop Fell, who, in his double capacity of Dean of the College and Chancellor of the University, was able to be a good deal of an autocrat at Oxford. I am not anxious to be Dr. Fell's apologist; and his reputation is not important enough for it to be worth any one's while to say much in defence of it; but it is very desirable that this episode in Locke's history, about which a great deal has from time to time been written, should be rightly understood, and I beg to offer to the readers of Mr. Pattison's paper the substance of what appears to have been Locke's own view of the transaction, based on documentary evidence that will be more fully set forth in a *Life of Locke* which I am now writing. My chief authority is not Locke himself, but his excellent friend Lady Masham, with whom he resided for the last thirteen years of his life; who, shortly after his death, wrote to Jean Le Clerc, the critic and theologian of Amsterdam, a charming letter, full of biographical details, which I have had the good fortune to discover among Le Clerc's papers in that city. Lady Masham knew more of Locke's mind than any other of his friends, and she certainly would not have offered any excuse for Dr. Fell, had Locke not inclined her to do so. Her account, moreover, is in part remarkably confirmed by Locke's own words.

The following are the important passages of Lady Masham's narrative:—

"Mr. Locke had not been gone out of England above a year, when, as it is said, he was accused of having writ some libellous pamphlets that were supposed to have come over from Holland, but have since been known to have been writ by others. This was the reason that I have ever heard assigned of his Majesty's sending to Dr. Fell, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of Christ Church, to expel Mr. Locke that house immediately. The Bishop had ever expressed much esteem for Mr. Locke; and not only so, but had lived with him on terms of friendship, so that it is not to be doubted but that he received this harsh command with trouble. He presently sent to speak with Mr. Tyrrell about it, and was so well satisfied of Mr. Locke's innocence, that, instead of obeying the order he had received, he summoned him to return home by the 1st of January following (this being the 18th of November) to answer for himself, signifying at the same time to the Court what he had done by a letter to my Lord Sunderland." Lady Masham then quotes part of this letter, most of which is also quoted in Mr. Pattison's article. "This," she continues, "was what the Bishop writ, and most probably with an intention of serving Mr. Locke hereby; but a second letter coming from the king, Mr. Locke was forthwith expelled his student's place in Christ Church before it was possible for him to come over, if to have heard anything of this matter." Next comes an important anecdote. "As Dr. Fell was a man of great worth on many accounts, I cannot but subjoin to the relation of a matter wherein some have thought him blamable what persuades me that, if he was so, he was so only through a principle of fear. It is that, several months after Mr. Locke's expul-

sion, I (who was then a young maid, and unknown to be of Mr. Locke's acquaintance), being at Dr. Stillingfleet's house, the then Dean of St. Paul's, since Bishop of Worcester, I heard a friend of the Bishop of Oxford's tell the Dean that the Bishop had often said that nothing had ever happened to him which had troubled him more than what he had been obliged to do against Mr. Locke, for whom he had ever had a sincere respect, and whom he believed to be of as irreproachable manners and inoffensive conversation as was in the world."

"When Mr. Locke was returned into England, which was at the same time that the Princess of Orange, our late Queen, came over," Lady Masham further records, "on his application to be restored to his right in Christ Church, which he desired as an acknowledgment that he had been wronged, this would have been granted him, but that he, finding it would give great disturbance to the society, who would rather continue a supernumerary than dispossess the person that was in his place, Mr. Locke desisted from that pretension." Locke's own draft of his petition to William the Third for reinstatement, dated 1689, is among the Locke manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Lovelace, and was printed by Lord King. It is in this document that he substantially confirms Lady Masham's more detailed narrative:—"The humble petition of John Locke," we here read, "showeth that your petitioner, being student of Christ Church College, in Oxford, was, in the year 1684, by a letter sent by the Earl of Sunderland, the principal Secretary of State, to the Dean and Chapter of the said college, ordered to be turned out. Dr. Fell, then Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of the said college, finding it against the rules of common justice, as well as the ordinary method of the college, to turn out any one without hearing, or so much as being accused of any fact which might forfeit his place, especially one who had lived inoffensively in the college for many years, did, by a *monco*

affixed to the screen in the college-hall of the same college, summon your petitioner, who was then in Holland, to appear at Christmas following, which was about two months after, to answer anything should be alleged against him. But this regular proceeding not suiting the designs upon the University, another letter was sent the week following, with positive orders to turn your petitioner out immediately, which was accordingly done." Here all the blame is thrown upon Charles the Second and his counsellors, not on Dr. Fell and the chapter of Christ Church. In Locke's correspondence are to be found a few sarcastic allusions to the time-serving policy of the Oxford authorities, with Bishop Fell at their head; but I have not met with a single passage implying in any way that he held those authorities responsible for the unjust treatment to which he was subjected in 1684. Locke was too wise and generous to feel any grudge against Dr. Fell and his associates for the hardship they thought themselves constrained to inflict upon him. He preferred to regard them as, like himself, victims of "the designs upon the University."

To understand the circumstances of Locke's expulsion, we must remember its antecedents, and Mr. Pattison is not to be blamed for not being aware of some facts that have never yet been published. "John Locke," he says, "held in 1684 a studentship at Christ Church, which he had enjoyed ever since 1651." This statement is verbally correct, except that the year in which Locke went to Christ Church was 1652, not 1651. But there were irregularities connected with his studentship which doubtless had weight with Dr. Fell and his colleagues. The junior studentship that he acquired as a Westminster boy was tenable only for the seven years to be spent in obtaining his M.A. degree. He would have a right to supplement that by a senior studentship, tenable for life, if he had chosen to take "holy orders." This, however, he declined to do; probably he was not even asked to do it for two

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or three years after the completion of his septennium, as that was the time of the Commonwealth, and Oxford was under Presbyterian rule. After the Restoration, he was allowed to retain his student's place, against rule, on the ground that he was studying medicine, and would thus be entitled, on vacancy, to one of the two medical studentships established at Christ Church; but that his position was an irregular one is clearly shown by several documents which I have discovered, and especially by the following "dispensation for Mr. Locke," signed in 1666 by Sir William Morrice on behalf of King Charles the Second, and addressed to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church:—"Whereas we are informed that John Locke, master of arts and student of Christ Church, is of such standing as by the custom of that college he is obliged to enter into holy orders, or otherwise to leave his student's place there, at his humble request that he may still have further time to prosecute his studies without that obligation, we are graciously pleased to grant him our royal dispensation, and do accordingly hereby require you to suffer him to hold and enjoy his said student's place in Christ Church, together with all the rights, profits, and emoluments thereunto belonging, without taking holy orders upon him, according to the custom of the college or any rule of the statutes in that case," &c. Some years afterwards this "dispensation" lapsed in consequence of a medical studentship being conferred upon Locke by the Christ Church authorities; but, as he never took his M.D. degree, and had abandoned the pursuit of medicine as a regular profession, I believe that he was not strictly entitled to it, and that it was only conferred upon him as a convenient way, asked for by himself and his friends, of dispensing with the "dispensation." It is clear, at any rate, that Locke held his studentship mainly by the express intervention of Charles the Second, and when Charles the Second summarily insisted that the studentship should be cancelled, it is

not strange that Dr. Fell and the Chapter of Christ Church should have felt themselves bound to obey the king's orders.

It must be remembered that, when those orders were issued, Locke was regarded by the king and the party in power as a dangerous traitor. His friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury had started an insurrection in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, and had only avoided execution in England, along with Russell and Algernon Sidney, by dying as a fugitive in Holland. Monmouth was now in Holland, and Locke had also gone thither to escape the vengeance of the Court. He there carefully abstained from all connection with Monmouth, rather because he had no confidence in the hot-headed and selfish young libertine, than because he was averse to Charles's overthrow, and he was now keeping clear of all politics, and devoting himself, as entirely as his broken health allowed, to philosophical studies. But even his most intimate friends appear to have suspected that he was engaged in other occupations, and his enemies represented that he was doing all he could to foment the Monmouth plots. Had he been in England, he would certainly have been beheaded, unless the poisonous wards of the Tower had killed him before he could be brought up for mock-trial, and the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* would never have been given to the world. It was a comparatively small piece of royal spite, as the man himself could not be got hold of, to cause his name to be struck off the books of Christ Church.

The fame that Locke subsequently acquired makes it important that this business should be regarded in its true light, and that the blame should be thrown on those who were really culpable. Though Locke's studentship was given to him irregularly, his deprivation of it was clearly illegal. The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, had they been men of ideal virtue and courage, ought to have resisted the king's mandate, and refused to expel the absent

student without formal trial and sufficient proof of the offences with which he was vaguely charged. But we ought not to blame them, any more than Locke did, for being ordinary Englishmen of the second Stuart period. Dr. Fell was a far more learned and honest man than most of the priests and prelates who pandered to Charles the Second and his courtesans; but, well-principled in many ways, he shared with his contemporaries what Lady Masham quaintly called "a principle of fear," and, under the influence of that "principle," he unwillingly allowed himself to be King Charles's

tool in a small act of persecution towards Locke, apparently in ignorance of its much greater significance as one of many "designs upon the University," according to Locke's correct epithet. The king and his advisers and minions at court are the real persons to be blamed, and Locke's expulsion from Christ Church is only a small item in the long list of offences by which they sought to bring England into far greater degradation than was involved in the less ignoble treacheries and tyrannies of the other Charles.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

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#### HAPPY AND WHOLE.

SIGH not for me, O never sigh for me,  
Tender and true! since tongue can never tell  
Half my content in your felicity,  
For you are happy and whole, and all is well.  
God's alms wherewith my daily bread is bought,  
Strait casement letting in my livelong day,  
Sweet words, the blossom of a blessed thought,  
"Happy and whole, happy and whole are they."  
Divine reproachful voice at dead of night,  
"Happy and whole are they, how canst thou weep?"  
My lids are toucht by fingers feathery-light,  
And Love that never slumbers gives me sleep.  
See how your joy is mine, both night and day,  
Your joy is mine, sigh none of it away.

MARY BROTHERTON.

## THE CENTRAL ASIAN QUESTION.

We are often assured that Russia, in advancing towards the Oxus, can have no intention of attacking our Indian possessions; nor does even Mr. Vambéry, or the most active of so-called "alarmists," suggest that Russia proposes deliberately to invade India with a view to conquest. On the other hand, the most credulous of quietists will admit that in case of war with England, Russia might cause diversions useful to her arms, by making demonstrations or encouraging independent expeditions in the neighbourhood of our Indian frontier. Since the beginning of the present century the notion of attacking England through India has been entertained three times by the Russian Government—that is to say, whenever Russia and England have been at war, or on the point of going to war. In 1801 the Emperor Paul equipped and despatched an expedition to India. In 1807 Alexander I. and Napoleon discussed and arranged the preliminaries of an expedition to India. In 1854 General Duhamel proposed to the Emperor Nicholas a similar expedition to India. Moreover, in 1814 the British Government, believing in the possibility of a Russian expedition to India at some future time, made a treaty with Persia by which the Persians bound themselves to stop it—a feat which, if only for geographical reasons, they would have found it difficult to perform.

None of the expeditions spoken of could, it may be said, have been carried to a successful end. That, however, is not the question. The question is whether, in case of war against England, one of the first ideas that would occur to Russia would not be to threaten us in our Indian possessions. In 1801, on the 2nd of January, the Emperor Paul gave secret orders to Orloff, Ataman of the Cossacks, to lead his Cossack regiments to India. For the

expenses of the journey 2,670,000*l.* were allowed out of the Treasury, "to be expended in pay, provisions, and forage;" the money to be returned "from the booty made in the expedition." In giving directions for the march, the Emperor Paul wrote to Orloff: "Go with the artillery straight through Bokhara and Khiva," [Khiva and Bokhara?] "to the river Indus, and the adjacent English possessions. All the riches of India will be your reward for this expedition." After such a liberal promise it was worth Orloff's while to exert himself. So with 22,000 Cossacks, 44,000 horses (apparently for train), two companies of horse artillery, "being perfectly ignorant of the road to India, he started, after the treasures of the Rajahs and Nabobs." The march was exceedingly difficult, especially as it was winter—winter campaigning in the Steppes has since Perovski's disaster been given up. Nevertheless, in not quite a month, Orloff made 685 versts, and he had just reached the heights of Irghis, when he received a manifesto informing him of the accession of Alexander I., and at the same time a command from the new Emperor to abandon what the Russian writer from whom I cite these particulars calls "this fantastic enterprise."<sup>1</sup>

The expedition of 1807, with Cossacks in advance, and French infantry in the main body, was to have passed through Persia. The invasion of India proposed by General Duhamel to the Emperor Nicholas, was also to have been executed through Persia.<sup>2</sup>

No reasonable doubt then can be entertained in the present day as to

<sup>1</sup> *Remarkable Fortunes of Private Individuals in Russia.* By E. P. Karnovitch, St. Petersburg, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> *Times*, January 29th, 1873. Referred to by Sir Henry Rawlinson, *England and Russia in the East.* Second edition, page 187.



whether, in case of war, Russia would form projects for disturbing our position in India. Nor can there be any question as to whether she is more favourably placed for carrying out such projects now than she was in 1801, when they were indeed "fantastic;" or in 1807, and again in 1854, when they were beset with difficulties.

Not to speak of 1807, the Russians in 1854 were scarcely established at the mouth of the Jaxartes. Now they have the whole course of the Oxus beneath their control, with the right, formally admitted by the English Government, of occupying territory as far as the right bank of that river, and with the intention, clearly announced by actions on their side, feebly contested in words on ours, of seizing important districts and strategical points to the left of the stream, and far away from the stream in the direction both of Afghanistan and of Persia. In 1854, too, they had the mountaineers of the Caucasus to count with. Now in any expedition, whether of demonstration or of actual invasion, the Caucasus would be their most important, though doubtless not their sole base of operations.

Thirty-six years ago, when the English entered Afghanistan to meet an expected Russian advance through Khiva;<sup>1</sup> ten years ago, when Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarkable article on Russia's progress in the East was published in the *Quarterly Review*; eight years ago when Mr. Vambéry's first volume on Central Asia appeared; five years ago when Lord Clarendon had his important interview with Prince Gortchakoff at Heidelberg; two years ago when the Afghan boundary was settled by the Russian and English Governments, it was held that if Russia ever attempted the invasion of India, she would do so by way of Balkh and Cabul. Vambéry had indeed pointed out<sup>2</sup> that, although "no one could now doubt that the Eastern question might be more easily solved on the Hindoo Kush than on the

Bosphorus, yet the Russians would not necessarily choose the difficult road through Balkh to Cabul, and none other," "the road through Herat and Candahar, the proper caravan course to India, being far more convenient." Sir Henry Rawlinson, who now says but little of Russian expeditions, or expeditions under Russian leadership through Balkh and Cabul, wrote in 1865 that "if Russia should take possession of the Oxus, as she has already taken possession of the Jaxartes, then, as her outposts will be in contact with the Afghan outposts along the whole line of the mountains from Mymenah to Badakhshan, it will become a question for serious consideration whether leaving Cabul and Ghazni, the scene of our old disasters, to struggle on in isolated anarchy, it may not be incumbent on us to secure a strong flanking position by the re-occupation of the open country of Shaul, of Candahar, and even of Herat." Sir Henry Rawlinson recommends precisely the same defensive measures now; not, however, by way of taking up a "flanking position," but in view of a possible frontal attack.

In September, 1869, when the Earl of Clarendon at his interview with Prince Gortchakoff commenced the negotiations which upwards of three years afterwards ended with what at the time was considered a highly satisfactory arrangement in respect to the Afghan boundary, his lordship had observed that the Russians already in possession of Samarkand, with Bokhara in their power, and constantly advancing in the direction of Afghanistan, might soon be expected in the vicinity of the Hindoo Kush; whence "the British possessions might be viewed as a traveller on the summit of the Simplon might survey the plains of Italy," so that "measures for our own protection might then become necessary." The practical result of the negotiations protracted over so many years, has been to bind us to a frontier as regards Afghanistan without binding the Russians to any corresponding frontier except in regard to Bokhara; and in lieu of the "neutral

<sup>1</sup> *The Russians in Central Asia*, by J. and R. Michell, p. 423.

<sup>2</sup> *Sketches of Central Asia*, p. 407 (1868.)



zone" originally spoken of, to give Russia the right of doing as she pleases in Bokhara, where she is all powerful, and us a similar right to do as we please in Afghanistan, where no Englishman is allowed to penetrate. What is above all remarkable, however, in the now historical conversation between the two ministers, is that the English statesman saw danger where danger is now no longer seen—not because it has ceased to exist, but because it has been overshadowed by a greater peril.

Besides the roads through Balkh and Cabul, and through Herat and Candahar, there is a third route of invasion in which some believe, and which may one day be employed certainly not in lieu of, but possibly in conjunction with, the two others. Mr. Schuyler,<sup>1</sup> while convinced that "there is not the slightest desire or incentive to make any attack upon India," adds that the Russians would dislike to see England extend her influence nearer than she now does to Central Asia, and thinks it possible that "at some time difficulties may arise with regard to the English policy at Kashgar; while the late Lieutenant Hayward was convinced that from Eastern Turkestan India might without much difficulty be invaded. "An army," he wrote, "attempting a passage across the mountains from Eastern Turkestan to India would have no great impediment to encounter until it had entered the deeper defiles of the Lower Himalayas. The portion of the line intervening between the crest of the Karakorum range and the plains of Turkestan is quite practicable; and as in all human probability it is here that the Russian and Indian empires will first come into contact, and the frontiers run conterminous, this fact is deserving of especial consideration."<sup>2</sup>

Nevertheless, the advance by way of Samarkand, the approach by way of Balkh and Cabul, was the line of menace or invasion generally accepted, at least until some time after the Khivan ex-

pedition, when newly-observed intentions on the part of Russia changed the aspect of affairs.

Mr. MacGahan, believing, like everyone else, that the Russians have no "immediate designs on India," admits that "whether they follow a traditional policy of aggression or not, the result is very much the same." "They are steadily advancing towards India," says the observant American in his most interesting account of the Khivan expedition;<sup>3</sup> "and they will, sooner or later, acquire a position in Central Asia which will enable them to threaten it. Should England be engaged in a European war, and not show herself sufficiently accommodating on the Bosphorus, then, indeed, Russia would probably strike a blow at England's Eastern Empire." Mr. MacGahan does not think the Russians could do much in that way at present; "but when a railroad is laid from Samara to Samarkand the question will assume a very different aspect. Suppose stores to have been collected at Samarkand in advance, an army 100,000 strong might, by means of a railroad, be concentrated in Kerki in thirty days. From Kerki to Kunduz, along the valley of the Oxus, is only 250 miles, and an army might make this distance easily in twenty days. The annexation of Bokhara and occupation of Kerki would therefore be the next step in the advance of the Russians on India. Bokhara is at present completely under the Russian tutelage, and I believe no existing agreements between them and the Russian Government prevent them from occupying that country; and, Bokhara occupied, the Russian frontier would be within 150 miles of Cabul."

It was not, in fact, until after the occupation of Khiva had become an accomplished fact, and therefore not worth protesting against (as previously it had been disavowed as a project, and equally, therefore, not worth protesting against), that the notion of Russia's advance towards India by way of Merv and Herat

<sup>1</sup> Report to the United States Government.

<sup>2</sup> *Central Asia, from the Arjan to the Casack*. By James Hutton, p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva*. By G. A. MacGahan, p. 425.

came to be entertained as it now seems to be to the exclusion of all other routes. No mention of Merv in connection with Russia is to be found in any book or article published prior to the year 1874. Merv derived a great part of the importance now attached to it from incidents which occurred during the Khivan expedition, or rather immediately after the capture of the city of Khiva. Mr. MacGahan has told us of the wanton and cruel attack made by General Golovatchoff on the Khivan Turkomans. He saw it, rode with the troops who executed it, has graphically described it, and says plainly that he could not understand it. General Kaufmann had insisted on immediate payment of tribute, which the Yomud Turkomans agreed to yield, but were notoriously unable to collect without some short notice. General Kaufmann was severely criticised, as Mr. MacGahan writes, by his own officers for adopting this course. "He knew very well," they said, "it was not possible for the Turkomans to pay in the specified time; he had allowed himself to be hoodwinked by the Khan, and was becoming a mere tool in his hands for the furtherance of his schemes of conquest over the Turkomans." The conduct of the general was much blamed in the Russian newspapers; but probably the worst thing said of it came from General Kryzhanoffsky, Governor-General of Orenburg, who explained the massacre by remarking to Mr. Schuyler that "it was necessary to have some actions in which the Taschkend expedition could distinguish itself, and receive its share of honours and rewards, the glory of the affair having been so far to the Orenburgh and Caucasus expeditions alone." Accordingly, General Golovatchoff, sent out by General Kaufmann to ascertain the probability of payment, entered upon a solution of the problem by "attacking the Turkoman villages and encampments, burning the houses, destroying the waggons of household stores, and spreading devastation generally among them."

Medals in the Russian army are,

according to General Kryzhanoffsky, a direct encouragement to wilful murder. I do not, however, mention Golovatchoff's raid among the Turkoman families merely to condemn it, but in order to inquire into its true origin. It may have been dictated by other not more humane but less paltry motives than those assigned by General Kryzhanoffsky. The Orenburg column was on such bad terms with the less successful column from Taschkend that the Turkomans, immediately after General Golovatchoff's incursion amongst them, said to the Orenburg troops that "if they were not so friendly with General Kaufmann, now would be just the time to fall together upon General Golovatchoff's expedition and utterly annihilate it." It is possible, then, considering the jealousy between Orenburg and Taschkend, that General Kryzhanoffsky may have been merely uttering a bitter jest when he said that General Golovatchoff had made an onslaught on a host of unoffending men, women, and children for the sake of "glory," and in the hope of obtaining "honours and rewards." Consciously or unconsciously, he seems to have indicated the true motive of attack when he afterwards told Mr. Schuyler that it was likely to lead to serious results. "It will now be necessary," he observed, "to have expeditions against the Turkomans for many years. It will be a second Caucasus, and in the end we shall find ourselves obliged to take Merv, which will undoubtedly lead to complications with England."<sup>1</sup>

"Complications with England" represent in this case those drawbacks which, great or small, almost every advantage carries with it. Every step of importance made by Russia in Central Asia has involved "complications with England" from which, however, by means of explanations and assurances, Russia has had no trouble in freeing herself; and it is certainly more credible that the deliberate destruction of so many Turkoman households may have been effected because "no peace with the Turkomans"

<sup>1</sup> Report to the United States Government.

was the political order of the day, than because General Kaufmann wished to obtain from them an obviously impossible payment, or because General Golovatchoff was eager for a new decoration. The Turkomans attacked with such apparent wantonness by General Golovatchoff were, it is true, Turkomans of the Yomud tribe, whereas the Turkomans around Merv are of the Tekke tribe. General Kaufmann, however, told Mr. MacGahan that the Yomud Turkomans, after the destruction of their property by the Russians, sent an embassy to the Tekke Turkomans asking permission to emigrate to their territory. Few of them, according to Mr. MacGahan, did really emigrate. But General Kryzhanoffsky was evidently convinced that Tekkes and Yomuds would make common cause, and it is he who is responsible for the statement that General Golovatchoff's ruthless descent upon the latter would lead to serious results; that the Russians would find it necessary to make expeditions against the Turkomans for many years; and that they would in the end find themselves obliged to take Merv, "which would, undoubtedly, lead to complications with England."

If the Russians propose to take possession of Merv it matters little whether they do so from the force of circumstances or in the execution of a design. We have seen what the circumstances were which are now to impell the Russians towards Merv; and it has been already stated that no English publication anterior to the year 1874 speaks of Merv in connection with Central Asian politics. In the correspondence, however, respecting Central Asia, presented to Parliament in 1873, a despatch will be found from Mr. Ronald Thomson at Teheran to the Earl of Clarendon, dated November 14th, 1869, in which it is suggested that as the Russians will find it very difficult to establish communications across the desert from the Caspian Sea to the Oxus, they would probably in the end abandon that idea and seek a more practicable route along the Attrek; "follow-

ing the course of that river eastwards, and then skirting along the hills of the north of Bojnoord and Kochan, in the direction of Merv, which is not more than four marches from the Oxus, and within ten easy stages of Herat." The only notice which seems to have been taken at the time of Mr. Ronald Thomson's surmise is to be found in a letter from Mr. Alison to the Earl of Clarendon, in which it is set forth that "the formation of a route along the Attrek river would afford matter for serious consideration to Persia." Of Merv and its proximity to Herat, of Herat and its importance in connection with India, not a word is said.

Strange as it may at first seem the question of Merv as part of the great Central Asian question was first introduced by Prince Gortchakoff; who, on the 4th of May, 1870, spoke to Sir Andrew Buchanan of a report which had reached him from Persia, "attributing great activity to Shir-Ali Khan, who is said to be endeavouring to induce the Tekke Turkomans, a tribe occupying lands to the south of Khiva, to acknowledge his sovereignty." As no sovereignty was claimed for the Amir of Afghanistan over the Tekke Turkomans—which would have amounted to including Merv within the Afghan territory—the matter dropped; but on September 21st of the same year Mr. Stremoukoff, director of the Asiatic Department in the Russian Foreign Office, remarked in discussing the interminable question of the Afghan frontier, that probably no objection would be made to include Khoja-Sali (the last Afghan post westward on the Oxus) within it, "but that great care would be required in tracing a line from thence to the south, as Merv and the country of the Turkomans were becoming commercially important." What changes were just then taking place around or in connection with Merv so as to render the place "commercially important" is not explained. A place, however, may be commercially important, and strategically very important indeed; and Mr. Stremoukoff was probably guilty of no

inaccuracy in describing Merv, which commands roads in every direction, and is frequently traversed by caravans as "commercially important." In any case Sir Andrew Buchanan was struck by the observation, and nearly a year after it had been made, on the 13th of June 1871, reminded Lord Granville of it in one of many letters on the subject of the Afghan boundary.

Merv not belonging to Afghanistan was naturally not included within the Afghan frontier. But it seems remarkable if so much was to be said about it afterwards, that not a word was uttered on the subject—at least not by England—when the Afghan frontier was being traced. Merv is nearly on the same parallel as Khoja-Sali, the most western point of Afghan territory on the Oxus; so that if "care had not been taken," as Mr. Stremoukoff suggested, in drawing the line—if, for example, it had been drawn due west—Russia, by excluding herself from all interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, would have been definitively shut out from Merv. She expressly stipulated that this should not be the case, having previously given the English Government to understand, in the same order of ideas, that if the Amir of Afghanistan claimed to exercise sovereignty over the Tekke Turkomans, "a tribe occupying land to the south of Khiva," his pretensions could not be recognised.

In insisting on the fact that the Afghans had nothing to do with Merv nor the Turkomans of Merv with Afghanistan, the Russian Government gave no hint of any intention to occupy the place on their own account. But Prince Gortchakoff has declared so often and so pointedly that "Afghanistan would be considered as entirely beyond the sphere in which Russia might be called upon to exercise her influence," that it is difficult not to see in the constant reiteration of this phrase a meaning not contained in the phrase itself. "No intervention or interference whatever, opposed to the independence of that state enters into his Imperial Majesty's intentions," added Prince Gortchakoff when, in re-

sponse to Earl Clarendon's suggestion of a neutral territory between the English and Russian empires in the east, he, for the first time, assured Her Majesty's Government, through the usual channels, that Afghanistan should certainly be left alone.

"Afghanistan" has since been accepted by both Governments as comprising besides Afghanistan proper, which was all Prince Gortchakoff originally included beneath that name, certain dependencies south of the Oxus regarded at one time by Prince Gortchakoff as belonging to Bokhara, by the British Embassy at St. Petersburg as belonging to Khiva, but which the Indian Government showed to be feudatory states under Afghan sovereignty. The negotiations on this subject are known to have lasted something like four years; and nearly five years after they were first begun, on the 21st of January, 1874, we find that Prince Gortchakoff has "repeated to Lord Loftus the positive assurance that the Imperial Cabinet continues to consider Afghanistan as entirely beyond its sphere of action." This was in answer to a despatch calling Prince Gortchakoff's attention to the injurious effects that might be expected from the expedition the Russians were preparing to send against the Turkomans of the region around Merv and to Merv itself; as to which point Prince Gortchakoff contented himself with observing that Russia had "no intention of undertaking an expedition against the Turkomans," though he, at the same time, let it be understood that this intention might be departed from if "these turbulent tribes were to take to attacking or plundering us."

According to Mr. Schuyler (*Report to the United States Government*), "the arrangements made last year with England with regard to the boundary of Afghanistan simply meant that if Russia came up to the Oxus nothing would be said;" though Mr. Schuyler was convinced (and he thought the "same would be evident to any one who understood well the position of affairs in Central Asia") that

the "Russians would eventually occupy the whole country as far as the Oxus, and possibly as far as the Hindoo Kush." In this latter case we should, of course, be allowed to exercise our ancient right of remonstrance; to which, as long as the Russians do not go south of the Upper Oxus, we are not entitled to have recourse. In other words, Mr. Schuyler holds that Russia does not consider herself bound to respect the Afghan frontier, as defined by Russia and England conjointly; but that having ascertained how far she can proceed without giving cause for complaint, she will advance to the extreme limit as a matter of course, and at a fitting opportunity go a step further. He cites no particular authority, but refers in support of his opinion to "any one who understands well the position of affairs in Central Asia." Prince Gortchakoff's emphatic declaration in respect to the inviolability of Afghan territory, does not, according to the ordinary meaning—not even according to the ordinary diplomatic meaning—of words, bear the interpretation which Mr. Schuyler would put upon it. But the Prince does really appear to lay too much stress on Russia's firm intention to respect Afghan rights. This had already occurred to me when in a note to the second edition of Sir Henry Rawlinson's *England and Russia in the East*, I find it set forth that "Russia now complains of our interposition on behalf of the Turkomans of Merv as opposed to the principle of geographical limitation which governs our mutual relations in Central Africa. She considers, in fact, that her own abstention from interference within the limits of Afghanistan requires a similar abstention on our part beyond those limits; and as far as the Afghans and Uzbegs are concerned," adds Sir Henry Rawlinson, "such a reciprocity of obligation would seem to be only fair and reasonable. But Merv is independent territory belonging neither to the Afghans nor Uzbegs, and in the absence of any special arrangement with Russia to that effect, there is really no argument against our communicating with the Turkomans or taking an in-

terest in their welfare that would not apply equally to our diplomatic relations with Kashgar or even with Persia." (P. 316.)

Meanwhile, it is quite clear that the settlement of the Afghan boundary, effected to the great apparent delight of both Governments in January 1873, some two or three months before the departure of the expedition or expeditions to Khiva, was no settlement of the general question as to how far Russia may advance in Central Asia without giving just cause for complaint to England. All Russia pledged herself to do when, after many objections, she at length accepted the Afghan boundary, as traced by the Indian Government, was in no way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan; and she had already taken particular care to point out, from three to four years before any question in connection with Merv had arisen to occupy the attention of the English Government, that the affairs of the Tekke Turkomans and of Merv were not those of Afghanistan at all.

It would be useless to consider the Russian arguments on this subject, though it is easy to imagine what they must be, and also by what counter-arguments they may well be met on the part of our own Government. Several insoluble, but none the less interesting, questions have already been discussed between Russia and England; as, for instance, whether Orientals are more amenable to sentiments of gratitude or of fear? In its abstract form, such a question seems as impossible to decide as those on more tender subjects which used to be discussed in the days of the troubadours by Courts of Love. If the Governments of Russia and England begin to dispute, or are already disputing, as to whether what is not included in a proposition is necessarily excluded from it, the arguments on the subject of Merv may last some considerable time. It is certain, however, that in drawing the Afghan boundary some fifty miles south of Merv, the English Government did not intend to place Merv at the disposition

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of Russia; while it is by no means certain that in conceding to England the frontier she demanded on behalf of the Amir of Afghanistan, Russia did not mean to imply that she could not recognize England's right to interfere with the action of Russia in any part of Central Asia outside Afghanistan.

No official correspondence respecting Central Asia has recently been published. Russia has given herself, or what comes to the same thing, has given Bokhara a fixed boundary on the Oxus to Khoja-Sali, where, while the river still runs to the north, the Afghan boundary, hitherto marked by its course, suddenly runs to the south. But it is impossible to say what the Russian boundary is, or what it is intended to be, east of Khoja-Sali; nor do the selected Parliamentary papers enable one to guess whether so much as an "interchange of ideas" (to use one of Prince Gortchakoff's historical expressions) ever took place on the subject. It may safely be assumed, however, that no assurances or explanations were offered to us by Russia on this point further than those given very positively in connection with the occupation of Khiva—which was not to be occupied permanently. At one time it seems to have been thought that the Russians would consent to regard the Oxus to its mouth as their boundary. This was some time before the Khivan expedition; and Prince Gortchakoff at once explained that such a limitation would place Khiva beyond their reach, and embolden the Khan, having no fear of punishment before his eyes, to misbehave himself. Ultimately, the frontier was traced only between Afghanistan and Bokhara, and along the whole northern line of Afghanistan; so that if Russia is entitled to annex everything in Central Asia which by the Afghan boundary arrangement she is not excluded from annexing, we may look upon the future frontier of Russia in Central Asia as conterminous along the whole line with the frontier of Afghanistan. This would round off the Russian possessions between the Caspian

and the Oxus very beautifully, and it would, of course, give Merv to the Russians.

Russia having already in her occupation the east coast of the Caspian, the Attrek river, and the river Oxus, it is impossible not to believe that she proposes to possess herself of all the territory comprised within these three lines. In an article published in the *Quarterly Review*,<sup>1</sup> which Sir Rutherford Alcock, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, attributes to Sir Bartle Frere, it is maintained that "if Merv is not a Russian garrison, if her outposts are not entrenched on the Attrek, it is simply because Russia believes such occupation would bring matters to an undesirable crisis with England; and not from any strategical difficulty in the necessary movements on the part of Russia. Both positions can be easily occupied whenever the Czar wills it, and the Russian outposts will then be conterminous with the Afghan and Persian frontiers." According, however, to General Kryzhanovskiy, the occupation of Merv would be no such easy matter. He sees in the Turkoman country "a second Caucasus," and without disregarding the political obstacle which Sir Bartle Frere deems so formidable, looks upon it not as a primary, but as a secondary one. Admit, however, that the Tekke Turkomans will be found as dangerous opponents as were formerly Schamyl's mountaineers; the Caucasus was pacified in the end, and some day the Turkoman country will in its turn be subjected. Before that object is attained, it is probable that a great many despatches will be exchanged between the English and Russian Governments; which will have as much effect as the despatches presented to the Russian Foreign Office on the subject of the establishment of a Russian "factory" at Krasnovodsk, the occupation of Samarkand and the expedition to Khiva.

The line of argument proper to each side is already known; but

<sup>1</sup> *Quarterly Review*, April, 1875.

how an agreement can possibly be arrived at by the disputants is not known. Only a very sanguine person, however, can believe that any amount of letter writing will have the effect of making Russia abandon her intention of seizing Merv. All that the English Government (as far as can be learnt from the published correspondence) has said on the subject, is that the occupation of Merv by Russia, and the pursuit of the Tekke Turkomans by Russian troops, might cause those warriors to take refuge in Afghanistan, to the serious inconvenience of the Amir, and indirectly of the Indian Government. Both Lord Granville, moreover, and Lord Derby, have declared—the former in a despatch to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, the latter in a speech delivered in the House of Lords—that the independence of Afghanistan must at all hazards be maintained. There is nothing provocative or in the slightest degree defiant in these declarations which, as we have seen, have been anticipated again and again by Prince Gortchakoff.

Indeed, His Excellency has stated so often that he considers Afghanistan "entirely beyond the sphere of Russian influence or interference," that it seems somewhat superfluous to address to Russia any warnings on that subject. Our Government speaks "with no uncertain sound" on a point concerning which there is no possibility of a misunderstanding, and, as a matter of fact, absolute agreement. About Merv, however, the sound is very uncertain indeed. In connection with Merv, neither do the English say that it must not be attacked, nor the Russians that they will not attack it. The English Government confines itself to hoping that the Russians will leave it alone, while the Russian Government fears that the bad conduct of the Tekke Turkomans may perhaps not allow it to do so.

Even Sir Henry Rawlinson, the best informed, the most clear-sighted, and the only one with decided views of all the writers on Central Asia, is

not quite sure that the occupation of Merv would give us ground for interference—and if not for interference, why for vain protest? "Without," he writes, "making any offensive notification to Russia about the limitation of her advance, and reserving to ourselves the right, in the interest of the Afghans, to impede her occupation of Merv, if it seems advisable, I submit that we should at any rate make up our minds that she shall not follow up the Murghab valley from Merv into the Afghan territory unopposed." This looks very like a surrender of Merv to the Russians, under cover of a caution that if they *do* take Merv, they had better, at all events, leave Afghanistan alone. But according to the declaration of the Russian Foreign Office, made explicitly and emphatically, repeated again and again, put on record in every shape, and supported by a formal agreement which was not signed until every point contained in it had been thoroughly discussed, the Russians will under no circumstances enter or in any way interfere with Afghanistan.

Not to expose Herat to the possibility of a Russian surprise, Sir Henry Rawlinson would garrison it with English troops; always supposing that the Amir, besides accepting arms, money, and our services in securing to him his legitimate frontier, would permit us to offer him personal assistance. No one can say that with the Russians at Merv he would not consent to such an arrangement, whatever objections he may feel under actual circumstances to admitting English troops within his dominions. Sir Henry Rawlinson, then, who is more alive to the danger of the Russian advance than any other writer of high authority on the subject, and the only one who proposes to meet it by specific means, would look upon the further extension of the Russian frontier to the borders of Afghanistan, so that Afghans and Russians should face one another along the whole line of the Afghan frontier, as a step which would call for the garrisoning of

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Herat by an English force; and nothing more. This might be either the solution of a difficulty, or the prelude to a conflict. But the question of peace or war would obviously rest with the Russians themselves; and if they adhered to their present determination in no way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan, no inconvenience need arise from the proximity of English to Russian troops.

The author of the article already referred to in the *Quarterly Review* ends like Sir Henry Rawlinson, but with fewer reservations and more complacency, by giving up to Russia the whole of Central Asia up to the boundaries of Western as now up to the boundary of Eastern Afghanistan. "It is more than probable," he writes, "that if Russia were satisfied that we had no jealousy of her attempts to dominate and civilize the countries east of the Caspian, as far south as the Attrek and the Oxus, she would be only too glad to know that we considered that frontier as fixed as our own is in Eastern Europe, and to find her officers, as her frontier neighbours, prepared to use the vast moral influence at our command to insure to her reasonable satisfaction in the event of just cause of offence being given by the tribes and powers to the south of the border."

This is really Sir Henry Rawlinson's conclusion put in a conciliatory and complimentary form. It is, indeed, "more than probable" that, if we could reconcile ourselves to seeing the Russian power established all along the Afghan frontier and continuously along the line of the Attrek, the Russians would on their side see nothing to object to in the presence of English officers in Afghanistan. In fact Prince Gortchakoff volunteered on one occasion the statement that there could be no objection to the presence of English officers in Afghanistan; though the important question of numbers and organization was not touched upon.

English writers on the Central Asian question may in the present day be divided into those who would abandon

to Russia all Central Asia up to the Afghan frontier, but at the same time would seek to place an English garrison at Herat; and those who would abandon Central Asia to Russia absolutely. These latter believe that Russia has a great civilizing mission to perform in Central Asia; which is doubtless true. They also maintain that the Russians in advancing towards Afghanistan have no designs, direct or indirect, upon India, which is demonstrably false. A recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose line of argument Sir Henry Rawlinson denounces in the preface to his second edition as "unpatriotic in principle, unsound in theory, and untrue in practice," asserts that no one in India sees any danger in the Russian advance, except those who have served on the North-western frontier. It is precisely, however, on the North-west frontier of India that one would expect officers to be most alive to the importance of the Russian approach. The Indian Government, too, is supposed to be more impressed by its significance than the Home Government; though we have seen that even the late Foreign Minister, Lord Clarendon, did not like the idea of the Russians making their way to the Hindoo Kush, whence the British possessions might be viewed "as a traveller on the summit of the Simplon might survey the plains of Italy." Travellers in Central Asia are more suspicious authorities than even officers who have served on the North-west frontier of India. But without laying any further stress on the writings of Mr. Vambéry (whose predictions, however, made from eight to ten years ago have hitherto been gradually receiving verification), the two Americans who have lately travelled in Central Asia are equally persuaded, not indeed that Russia purposes invading India with a view to its conquest—which no one, not even Mr. Vambéry believes—but that she means to advance as far as possible towards our Indian frontier, where her very presence, whatever her intentions might be, would be a threat. Mr. Schuyler thinks the arrangement on the subject of the Afghan boundary

will possibly be disregarded, and that the Russians will eventually advance as far as the Hindoo Kush. Mr. MacGahan, without attributing any immediately hostile design to the Russians, tells us that "they see there is a certain amount of territory lying between the English and Russian possessions which must sooner or later fall into the hands of either power." "I think," he adds, "they are disposed to seize as much of this territory as they conveniently can, and this comprises their whole policy at present."

As to the Russians, Mr. Schuyler has informed us that in the opinion of General Kryzhanoffsky, the Russians were pursuing a course which "would undoubtedly lead to complications with England." This was an Orenburg opinion. As to the Russian officers of General Kaufmann's expedition from Tashkend, they "looked upon the English, if not with liking, at least with a good deal of respect; but none the less anticipated a time when the collision of Russian and English interests might bring Russian and English armies into conflict."

Already the position of the Russians in Central Asia is such a menace to India that if we were again at war with Russia, instead of receiving troops from India, as happened in the Crimea, we should by some means or other have to strengthen our Indian garrisons. Russia, on the other hand, would have plenty of troops on the spot with the army of the Caucasus at no great distance to draw upon for supports. Although it is a favourite theory that every advance of the Russians in Central Asia is due to the force of circumstances, and not to well-planned design, two Russian officers, Captain Kuropatkin and Captain Kostenko, have been for the last two years in Algeria studying according to the *Russian Invalid* the local method of training indigenous troops under French officers. No reason can be assigned why the Russians should not profit by every move open to them in the game of politics; and when they have conquered the Turko-

mans, they will have every right to form them into squadrons of irregular cavalry under Russian leadership. But this will be no more due than have been the reconnoitering expeditions already sent in the direction of Merv, to the force of events.

In case, too, of war with England, for which at present there is fortunately no apparent cause, near or remote, the Russians would have an invaluable ally in the former rival for, and actual pretender to, the throne of Cabul, Abdul Rahman Khan, of whom mention is made several times in the correspondence presented to Parliament on the subject of the Afghan frontier. Without apparently troubling himself about the English, this active chief is very anxious to undertake an expedition against our ally, Shir Ali, whom he feels sure he could dethrone. Possibly he shares the delusions common to so many refugees, and enjoys less influence than he imagines in the country which he still regards as his own. General Kaufmann has warned him against entertaining dangerous schemes, and has even written to Shir Ali, assuring him that Abdul Rahman Khan is only allowed to remain at Samarkand by reason of his unfortunate position, and not in recognition of his claim to the Afghan throne. It appears, however, from Mr. Schuyler's interesting report that the dispossessed Amir receives a pension of 25,000 roubles from the Russian Government, and is counted in the Russian service. "Some years ago," writes Mr. Schuyler (1874), "he petitioned General Kaufmann to grant him 100,000 roubles, saying that with that he would be able to reassert his right to the throne, and put down Shir Ali, but this request was refused. As Abdul Rahman lives very economically, he will soon be able to have the money required from his savings. He is in constant correspondence with Afghanistan, and professes to think that on his reappearance there, there will at once be a revolution in his favour."

The Russian means, then, of "influencing" Afghanistan are simple enough

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if it should ever be thought necessary to employ them. Hitherto the direct relations between Russia and Afghanistan have been very few, and have been chiefly confined to the interchange of letters of politeness. With much delicacy, the Russians, as Mr. Schuyler thinks, make a point of sending with their letters an English translation of the same, "for the greater convenience of the Indian authorities," to whom it is presumed they are transmitted.

England also has her Afghan refugee, described by Sir Henry Rawlinson as "a young man of considerable abilities and force of character, who may yet play a not unimportant part in the arena of Afghan politics." Iskander Khan, the chief in question, son of Sultan Ahmed Khan, of Herat, took part in an insurrection, or civil war, waged against Shir Ali, his uncle; and soon after the restoration of peace, passed from Afghanistan to Bokhara, and ultimately from Bokhara to Russian Turkestan, where he entered the Russian service. At the battle of Samarkand he commanded a contingent of Afghans, nearly three hundred strong. Afterwards he was sent to St. Petersburg, where he received a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and served for some time with the hussars of the guard. Several years later, when he proposed to return home, he was recommended to

take the route of Central Asia; but he preferred to visit England, where he has been residing for the last four years. A perfect master of Russian and English as of other languages, and acquainted with the arms, tactics, and organization of European armies, he might render essential service to his own country by establishing a regular military force on something like the European model. Iskander Khan's knowledge of Afghan affairs, of the relations between Afghanistan and Bokhara, and between Bokhara and Russia, ought to be, and possibly are, of some use to our Indian Government; but his rich relative, Abdul Rahman, who is resolved some day to strike a blow for the Afghan crown, and is in fact saving up his money for that purpose, would, in the event of hostilities between England and Russia, prove a most powerful weapon of offence in Russia's hands. As long as we remain at peace, no apprehensions, of course, need be entertained on this head. But if causes of war should some day unhappily arise, the solemn promise given by the Russian Government not in any way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan would naturally be at an end; and the Russians would have at their immediate disposal a sure means of injuring us which they did not possess at the time of the Crimean war.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



## THE MUSICAL DRAMA.

In the article<sup>1</sup> on the growth and decay of the opera, it was attempted to depict, in a rough-and-ready way, the questionable and equivocal side of the operatic phantasmagoria, especially as they are to be seen in the works of Italian and French composers since the days of Rossini. Reference was moreover made to the doings and sayings of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Weber, in a manner to make it clear beyond misconception, that, although the writer chose to scoff at operatic puerilities, he is nevertheless fully cognizant of the many divinely beautiful things contained in the rich operatic literature of the last two centuries, and ready to appraise them at their full value. The result of his critical survey of operatic development appeared to be that the typical operatic forms—*Recitativo-secco*, *Aria*, and *Ballet tune*—are essentially sterile, and have all along acted as an almost insuperable bar to the realization of the highest dramatic intentions; and that no musician who is not exclusively a craftsman would care to say more for them than that their sterility has in hundreds of instances been triumphantly overcome, and that the spirit and breath of great composers can put life into the driest bones. The long array of successes and failures laid bare the fact that by a *just* combination of the tragedian's art and the musician's numberless effects of perfect dramatic truth and supreme musical beauty had been attained; but that the full harvest of artistic excellence which such a combination of the two arts, if *strictly carried out*, admits of, had not been gathered. Music had been allowed to run riot at the expense of dramatic poetry and mimetics, and in the hands of the most popular composers of our day had become more and more meretricious and sensational.

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan's Magazine, May, 1875.

We shall attempt to-day to throw a little light upon the transformation of the opera into a veritable musical drama as accomplished in the later works of Richard Wagner; and if the reader, who has not yet witnessed a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, or *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, will be content to take the writer's word for it that all the absurdities and trivialities charged against the opera have been avoided, and that the full stream of Beethovenian instrumental music has been led into a dramatic channel, he will certainly not be loth to attest that Wagner has rendered a service of incommensurable importance to art.

On close inspection, it would appear that the vital point of the astoundingly rapid and extensive growth of instrumental music since Sebastian Bach consists of the strong stimulus towards an increase of means and ways for emotional expression, which was given to music by its connection with the stage. In fact, one can lay it down as an axiom that the dramatic principle is the *punctum saliens* of the best modern music. In Beethoven's great symphonies this dramatic principle has guided the composer not only in the invention of his themes, each of which has a strongly-marked and individual character, but also in the construction of each movement—nay, even in the arrangement of the entire work. The order in which the several parts of his symphonies follow one another—the succession of the main themes in each particular movement, their connection, conflict, and final equation—witness the opening *allegro* and the succeeding movements of the *Sinfonia Eroica*—all this has in some sort a dramatic significance.

Each of Beethoven's larger symphonies, and most of his quartets

and sonatas, may be regarded as representing an entire drama. They are, so to speak, connected trilogies or tetralogies, in which latter even the lively satyr-play, the *scherzo*, is not wanting. Beethoven has even gone the length of furnishing a programme to the emotional elements of his work; and Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, in most of their more elaborate instrumental pieces have followed the order of pictures and emotions furnished by some particular poem. Whilst listening to Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, or Wagner's *Eine Faust Overture*, one is struck by the fact that certain peculiarly modern phases of emotion—in short, the key-note struck in Goethe's *Faust* and echoed in Byron's *Manfred*—receive a more adequate expression in such music than in the words and lines of the poets themselves. The very essence and kernel of the dramatic subject-matter—the purely emotional sides of it—are here revealed, and made to appeal in a most immediate and direct manner to the feelings of all.

Every man possessed of some small share of imaginative power is inclined, whilst listening to a great symphony, to picture to himself all manner of dramatic scenes and characters. He adds to the indefinite and pictureless speech of music a concrete scheme—an example, as it were, to some general idea.

Now no one asserts that composers always count upon any such imaginative gift, or even desire its presence. They express distinct emotions in tones; and we comprehend them intuitively, and without the aid of precise pictures. It is, however, important for our present purpose to recognize the fact that Beethovenian music is thoroughly imbued with the dramatic principle, and that dramatic pictures are apt to arise spontaneously whilst one listens to it. In fact the whole matter in question hinges upon this point; for the sublime spirit of Beethovenian music is the matrix—the informing element—of the ideal drama we have in view. The spirit of music determines the choice of the dramatic

subject, the character of the action, and the development of the scenes; even the choice of metre. It influences the thing said as well as the manner of saying it.

Let us stop a moment to explain in what sense such a vague phrase as "the spirit of music" is used here. All the arts except music address themselves in the first place to our intellectual perceptions. All ultimately act upon our emotions; but a certain preliminary intellectual process is unavoidable before they can touch our feelings. Thus in epic and dramatic poetry our intellect has to master many details of time, place, and cause, before we are in a position to sympathize with the actions and emotions placed before us. Whilst looking at a great painting, we are bound to make many logical combinations of the data supplied by the painter's contours and colours, before we can seize upon the true emotional significance of his painting. But the very first chord of a symphony plunges us in *medias res*—the melodious and harmonic combinations tell immediately, and the emotional essence of the work is revealed to us with a minimum of logical mediation. Music is continually saying, *This is*; all other arts say, *This signifies*. Music gives the very impulse of passion; the other arts suggest it. The spirit of music is orgiastic; that of the plastic arts contemplative. Music is an immediate picture of volitions; it represents emotions in the most direct manner; and it tends to transport everything it touches into an ideal sphere.

Let us now turn to the primary element of the musical, as of every other drama—the poetical subject-matter. If the effects of that idealizing and exclusively emotional tendency which we recognize as the spirit of music are not to be nipped in the bud, the sort of theatrical matter which has been so much used in our so-called historical plays, and which Faust characterizes as "eine haupt und Staats Action mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen" (a political and State Action with superior pragmatistical maxims), must be eschewed altogether.

A story, if it is to be presented in the shape of musical drama, should be simple and essentially human; that is to say, the motives for emotion and action which it embodies should be free from all admixture of such elements as are only conceivable from some specifically political or historical point of view. It is a curious fact that no dramatic poet has ever shown himself capable of constructing stories such as will stand comparison with genuine myths and legends in point of perfect concentration and directness of emotion and incident. Compare Goethe's *Iphigenie* with his *Tasso* or *Clavigo*! Or, to take an instance of to-day, compare Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta* with his *Chastelard*! All experience shows that great tragic poets have succeeded best with traditional, legendary, or mythical matter, which comes, as it were, ready made to their hands. Like languages, such matter is ever growing and undergoing change and transformation; it is practically inexhaustible. Genuine myths have the peculiar property of acting as a sort of nucleus, round which all kinds of congenial elements cluster. They have the power of assimilating everything that belongs to their peculiar range of fact and feeling. Every new element that comes in contact with them

"Doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

Wagner was led almost unconsciously by the spirit of music towards mythical and legendary subjects for his dramatic works. Possessing, as he does, like Goethe, the very rare gift, coveted in Burns's verse, of seeing himself as others see him, he has been able to give a perfectly clear and rationalistic account of this and many other of his artistic acts and intuitions. Here are a few sentences on the subject of myths from one of his pamphlets:—"No picture of human life can be called truly poetical in which all the motives of action, comprehensible to abstract reason only, do not make room for motives of purely human feeling. I

was led to designate the 'Mythos'—that primitive and anonymous poem of the people which we find at all times taken up and treated anew by poets of cultivated periods—as the ideal subject-matter for poetical treatment, because in it those conventional forms of human relations, explicable only to abstract reason, disappear almost entirely; and in their place stands that which is for ever comprehensible, being purely human, and which is expressed in such an inimitably concrete form as to give to every genuine myth a strikingly individual character." And again, taking up the same theme, he says: "I quitted once for all the field of history for that of popular tradition. All details necessary for the form and representation of historical and conventional things—all descriptions of a distinct and distant historical epoch, such as modern writers of novels and plays treat so circumstantially—all this I could pass over. The legend, to whatever time or nation it may belong, has this great advantage, that it assumes nothing of such a time and such a nation but what is purely human, and renders it in a peculiarly distinct and pregnant form, so that it is at once perfectly intelligible. A ballad, a popular refrain, is sufficient to give us instantly a clear impression of this character. The characteristic scene, as well as the legendary tone, immediately serve to throw the mind into that dreamy state in which it soon arrives at a perfect clairvoyance, and perceives a new connection in the phenomena of the world—a connection of which the waking perception can never become aware."

Whilst constructing his drama under the continual guidance of his musical intuitions, Wagner, of course, everywhere counts upon the limitless capacity of the art for the portrayal of the passions; but he does not trouble himself about any special musical forms; that is to say, *recitatives*, *arias*, and *ensemble* pieces, as the opera has them. He divides his story into a few important and decisive scenes, in each of which the action results from the

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emotions of the *dramatis personæ*; and which emotions, music, with its peculiar *directness* just spoken of ("This is"), is best fitted to express.

Each phase of emotion touched upon in any scene stands in some important relation to the emotions of the following scene; so that the sequence of these phases, and their development one from another, constitute the unity of expression in the entire drama.

Alliterative verse, Wagner thinks, on account of its general terseness and rhythmical animation, better suited to the strong accents and firmly-marked rhythms of our music than rhymed verse. Such verse is natural to all Teutonic languages. In Germany a large number of alliterative phrases similar to the English "stocks and stones," "weal and woe," "kith and kin," "wax and wane," are still current in common speech. But as the question of verse, especially of alliterative verse, has been treated at some length in the *Monthly Musical Record* for July 1874, it appears better to refer the reader who cares to follow this part of the subject to that periodical. About the orchestra too, as used by Wagner and his disciples, the writer has there also said his say, in November 1873.

Hitherto we have dealt with the poet's share in the drama. Let us now examine the musician's. One need hardly repeat, that the series of detached tunes strung together upon the thread of some *intrigue*, which constitutes the ordinary opera, is done away with entirely. Wagner constructs the whole of his drama out of a comparatively small number of characteristic musical themes. Each of the phases of emotion, which, as has already been said, regulate the division of scenes, is expressed by one of these themes, which theme, to return to our analogy, is as it were the general notion for which the picture and action on the stage is the particular example. The elaborate musical tissue resulting from the various combinations of the main themes, and the continual metamorphosis of these themes, advances simultaneously with the development of the

action on the stage. Wagner makes use of his melodious phases on a sort of mnemonic system; they are heard, either on the stage or in the orchestra, whenever the passions or sentiments of which they are the correlatives make their appearance; and the systematic persistence with which they are introduced renders it possible for the composer to indicate poetical and psychological relations, for the expression of which there would have been no room in the course of the action. The return of these melodies announces the sentiments which, for the time being, cannot be explicitly indicated by the dramatic speech. They serve to reveal to us the innermost emotional secrets of the *dramatis personæ*.

In his latest works, Wagner's vocal melody is different from anything that has as yet been seen in music. Independent of the orchestra it grows directly out of the alliterative verse, of which indeed it is but a melodious declamation. Remarkable as it generally is for great rhythmical animation, it is at the same time capable of being developed into a broad expanse of warm lyric song, whenever and wherever the dramatic situation demands such a thing. It is continually floating as it were upon the waves of a rich orchestral symphony. We attributed to Beethoven's symphonies and sonatas a power of suggesting all manner of dramatic pictures; in Wagner's drama the action on the stage can be taken as the realization of this strange suggestiveness inherent in instrumental music.

It is almost impossible to give in words an idea of the total effect of such a method of musical procedure. But as Wagner has himself attempted this *tour de force* more than once by means of elaborate similes, we may quote one, though it has been quoted before. It applies to *Tristan* and *Die Nibelungen*, not to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, or any of the earlier works.

"The infinitely rich and ramified details which form the musical tissue that covers the whole drama are intended to make themselves felt not

only by the connoisseur but also by the most naïf layman, as soon as his thoughts may be sufficiently collected to receive the impression. The effect upon him will be at first somewhat similar to that made upon a solitary visitor by a fine forest on a summer evening. The peculiarity of this impression consists in the perception of the ever-growing eloquence of silence. The visitor to the woods, whom we suppose just to have left the noise of the town, overcome by the total impression, rests to collect his thoughts, and then, gradually straining the powers of his soul, he distinguishes more and more clearly, as if gifted with new senses, the multitudinous forest voices. He recognizes in these sounds, which swell, and at last dominate him, the grand, unique melody of the forest, that melody which from the beginning had struck him with a religious impression. It is as if on a beautiful summer night the deep azure of the firmament absorbed his gaze. The more he gives himself up to the spectacle the more the countless hosts of stars reveal themselves, distinct, dazzling, clear, innumerable. This melody will haunt him for ever, but he will not be able to repeat it. To hear it again he must again return to the forest—must return on a summer evening."

With the first bars of the orchestral prelude, one is at once transported into an ideal sphere, such as is attainable by high-class music only. With the rise of the curtain, a series of dramatic pictures is unfolded, which, for perfection of delineation and vividness of colouring, for completeness and intensity of expression, are absolutely without parallel in dramatic art, at least as far as the drama has been developed in connection with music. By the divine aid of music, the dramatist is enabled to speak with a fulness and an intensity that give to his work the dignity of a veritable revelation. In this instance, the poet comes indeed near to being what he was held to be of old, an inspired prophet. By no other artistic means have men ever succeeded in ex-

pressing human emotion with such completeness and plastic perfection; as the writer can attest from personal experience of correct performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. at Munich, and above all, from the overwhelming impression of the *Nibelungen Tetralogy*, the preliminary rehearsals for which have just been terminated at Bayreuth. Correct performances are, however, distressingly rare. It is not enough that the performers should be good singers; they should be good actors as well. They should begin by learning the words of their parts as though they belonged to a spoken play; and the musical study should not commence until the psychological significance of the rôle has been caught, and the declamation fully mastered; and, above all, there should be a conductor who sympathizes with the work, and knows his score intimately. A correct performance reveals the enormous advantage a musician possesses over a dramatic poet; for whilst the pathos of dramatic speech is of necessity left to the discrimination of the actor, the musician's art enables him to fix every accent and every inflection quite positively. Thus, buoyed up by music, even a singer of mediocre talents may realize dramatic effects so high and intense, as to be utterly beyond the reach of an actor of veritable genius who is not a singer.

It might lead us too far if we tried to examine in what relation the musical drama stands to the spoken drama—whether it is a narrower or a wider form of art—whether it is likely to do harm to the cause of good acting, as the opera has hitherto done, and the like. But as regards the art of music in particular, we may rest assured that for the future its highest achievements will belong to the musical drama. At various periods of the history of the art, men of genius have felt an irresistible impulse towards some particular goal which was in especial unison with the main stream of the culture of their time. Thus, at and before the age of Palestrina, the greatest musicians

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devoted their lives to the ritual of the Catholic Church. Beethoven and his immediate predecessors and followers directed their energies almost exclusively towards the development of the larger forms of instrumental music—more or less consciously under the stimulus of the dramatic principle, as we have seen. For the future, since Wagner has once found the form, men of the loftiest aspirations will, in all probability, work at the musical drama: a form of art which reflects the spirit of modern life as much as the Greek drama reflected the national spirit of ancient Greece. It would appear that we are

now, after having travelled round an enormous circle, returning to that starting-point from which, under the guidance of the spirit of music, all the arts combined to create Greek tragedy. No one dreams of saying that the various and beautiful forms of instrumental music now current—symphonies, sonatas, trios, quartets, &c.—will ever cease to be cultivated. But one may feel certain that it will before long be the height of men's musical ambition to excel in the drama, rather than to write successful concert or chamber music, or to manufacture pleasing tunes for the piping of operatic singing-birds.

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

## THE GOLDEN LADDER.

WHEN torn with Passion's insecure delights,  
 By Love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes worn,  
 As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights  
 Did make ere one slow morn and eve were born ;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,  
 Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,  
 And weep but the sweet-watered summer showers—  
 World of white joys, cool dews, and peace unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,  
 To find the tokens mute of what I fled,  
 Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,  
 That have upturn the world, and stirred the dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,  
 Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains laid,  
 Where silver lattices to morn uncloze,  
 The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,  
 And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies  
 Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at length,  
 She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day !  
 What mean these mysteries of love and birth ?  
 Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,  
 Who know not what they babble in their mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,  
 Baptised us all in one great sequent plan,  
 Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,  
 And all their large expression find in man ?

Flowers climb to birds, and birds and beasts to man,  
 And man to God, by some strong instinct driven ;  
 And so the golden ladder upward ran,  
 Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends  
 To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,  
 A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,  
 That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,  
All things decline to lower uses ; while  
The golden chain that bound the each to all,  
Falls broken in the dust, a linkless pile.

And Love's fair sacraments and mystic rite  
In Nature, that their consummation find  
In wedded hearts, and union infinite  
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idol temple grow,  
And sun-white Love is blackened into lust,  
And man's impure doth into flower-cups flow,  
And the fair Kosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, out-topping all we know or think,  
Far off yet nigh, out-reaching all we see,  
Hold Thou my hand, that so the topmost link  
Of the great chain may hold, from us to Thee ;

And from my heaven-touched life may downward flow  
Prophetic promise of a grace to be ;  
And flower, and bird, and beast, may upward grow,  
And find their highest linked to God in me.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

## THE TURKISH DEFAULT.

THE announcement made in the Second Edition of the *Times* of October 8th, that Turkey had resolved to pay for five years to come only half her debt charges in cash, is the most considerable financial event that has happened for some time. It dissolved in one moment the whole fabric of Turkish credit that financial adventurers of all classes have laboriously built up and maintained for the past twenty years; and it put an end probably for ever to the mania that has possessed the English public since the days when Palmerston persuaded it that the great mission of England was to keep the Turk on his European throne at any cost. Since that time until now, many people in this country have blindly pinned their faith to the regeneration of Turkey. Greed no doubt has done much to blind people, but that greed did not do everything is proved by the modes adopted by financial agents to lure the investor to give his money to Turkey. For twenty years past every loan issued has been to regenerate the Empire; and all murmurs hinting at its growing poverty have been met by the threadbare story of the "vast natural resources of the country" that this new influx of wealth was to bring out. These resources were the stock answer thrown at the heads of all detractors of Turkish credit. What if the last loan was ill-spent on a new palace, a new ship, or a new troupe of dancing women and slaves for the harem? *This* loan shall not be so spent—guarantees have been taken that it shall not; and the "vast natural resources" will soon make the land blossom into prosperity. I suppose the people who repeated these tales from day to day and year to year came to believe them. Their self-interest blinded them to all the facts, and probably to the simplest deductions of common sense, and we must not judge

of them too harshly; but their faith has had disastrous results for not a few in this country, and in France, Italy, and Holland; while for Turkey the greatest curse of all, one far exceeding in its baneful effects the extravagant folly and immorality of the Sultan's court, has been the "belief" of these same financiers. The worst that could have befallen investors has probably come upon them now; but what mischief the money-lending harpies have done to Turkey, and what consequences the Turks' trust in their guidance may bring, cannot yet be estimated.

Much has been said in the newspapers about the probable scope and effect of the Turkish decree upon those who hold its bonds. As every one knows, all the bonds issued by the Turks have had some supposed special guarantee, except the so-called General Debt of the Empire, the common receptacle, as it were, into which the lumps of floating dead weight were from time to time thrown, for which no special hypothecation could be obtained. Under the show of "special hypothecations," we have thus three different loans secured on the tribute payable by Egypt—those of 1854, 1855, and 1871. A loan issued in 1858 is "secured" on the Constantinople customs; one in 1862 on tobacco and other revenues; one in 1865 on the sheep-tax, Tokah mines, &c.,—vulgarily known as "muttons," or the "mutton loan;" and one in 1869 on the tithes, &c. Others there are with "special security" of one sort or other, the hypothecations being always given as of much greater amount than the loan charges. The only debts having no security of any particular kind were the Treasury Bonds, the General Debt aforesaid, and the floating obligations. Now the Turkish decree sweeps all these into one heap, with the exception of the loan of 1855, this

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loan being guaranteed by France and England, whom Turkey has not yet made up its mind to leave in the lurch; and the outcry is that by thus doing Turkey has perpetrated a violent injustice. Unfortunate bondholders of this or that loan keep writing to the papers to point out how good their security is and how special, and to say that the Turk ought to be compelled to stand by his agreement. The general idea appears to be that if reduction in the debt charge is inevitable, it ought to come with discrimination, and that the general and floating debts ought to be left out in the cold, so long as the "secured" loans are unsatisfied. That notion is quite just, and is one that bondholders are entitled to press home on the Turkish Government, but there are unfortunately several cogent reasons why one may doubt gravely whether the least heed will be paid to their protest.

In the first place it appears evident that the Turk did not take this step with that extreme hastiness which has been assumed, just because he took such good care not to tell the Bank, or the money-lenders, who have usually guided him, what he was going to do. The course of market speculation proves that the stroke was resolved upon days before it was announced, and that the Sultan not improbably, and his underlings certainly, made a considerable sum of money out of it. The thing was, therefore, not done on the spur of the moment, nor in that ignorance of its results which bondholders would fain persuade themselves the Turk displayed. Secondly, the position of the Sultan as a large holder of his own debt will prevent his making any concession. He holds a sum variously estimated at from 5,000,000*l.* to 7,000,000*l.* of the 5 per cent General Debt bonds, and that is also the stock held by his favourites and by the Turkish people generally. This, in fact, may be regarded as the internal debt, while the "secured" bonds are the external. It might be as much as his rickety throne is worth, therefore, were he to say that the debt charge on these 5 per cent bonds shall not be paid at all till

the foreign creditor is satisfied. He could not do it for his safety's sake, and he will not do it for the sake of his own pocket. Finally, the self-interest of those who have led him to this end, must, as long as he is likely to listen to them, prevent the sincere adoption of any just policy towards the foreign bondholder. These people are the mainsprings of all Turkish borrowing and the supports of the floating debt, and if the General Debt were left out in the cold so would their advances be. When the Sultan wanted, say 3,000,000*l.* for the service of a loan, or for any deficit, they would lend it him at any percentage obtainable from fifteen to thirty, and as their money was never forthcoming when the day of payment came, the usual plan has been to renew the whole principal and interest at a similar or higher rate. After a little time these financiers would have about as much of this kind of floating debt as they could carry, however much the number of participants might be augmented with each renewal, and then matters would be put in train for "funding" a portion of it as a new loan. Out of 10,000,000*l.* or 15,000,000*l.*, to be thus funded the Sultan would probably have received about half, more or less, according to the length of time that this snowball of floating debt had been kept rolling, the rest going as discount on the issue price of bonds, compound interest, commission, &c.; and when the public took the burden off these financial agents' shoulders they thus made a most handsome profit. Constantinople has in this fashion for nigh twenty years been the El Dorado of usurers of all nations, corporate and individual. But latterly matters have not gone quite so smoothly with them. One or two of the last baits held out (of which we shall presently give a specimen) have not taken well; the floating debt has been growing and growing in a very ugly fashion, and no kind public has come in to lift it in the old blind, believing way. Probably a fourth of the 1873 6 per cent loan for 28,000,000*l.* will fully represent all of it that has ever been taken off the loan



concoctors' hands by the public. Consequently all sorts of straits have come upon these people. They have had to lend money on the security of the unissued stock of this loan, and the floating debt has kept mounting and mounting with no apparent chance of its being taken off their shoulders, while the security they have had for obtaining repayment from the Sultan has become more and more shadowy. I trust sincerely their present load will never be taken off, and that those who have made most by working Turkey as a bait for drawing their savings from the public will now suffer most heavily; but it must be obvious that this state of affairs will make the holders of the present floating debt of 10,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.*—nobody knows what it is more than that it must be prodigious—fight strenuously against any policy that might deprive them of some share in whatever cash is to be had. For these three reasons, amongst others, it is more than doubtful that all attempts to extort a new arrangement will be vain. Even supposing concessions are granted upon paper they will be practically ignored, as the manner of the Turkish Government in the past has ever been. The Sultan is thus in a dilemma out of which he cannot get. If he has any money he must share it first amongst his own subjects, next amongst the financiers who have lived on him hitherto, and what is left will go to the holders of the "specially secured" loans, whose position is thus reversed by the Turk's self-interest and subjection to the usurers.

That being so, a grave question at once presents itself. If the bondholder can have no recourse against Turkey—and short of "foreclosure" on the mortgage I do not see what recourse they can have,—is there none against those who stood sponsor for Turkey? The position which now one party, now another has assumed towards the loans issued by her has been one of the closest responsibilities and sometimes even identification. Our own Government stands among the rest in a questionable position towards the first loan that Turkey

ever raised—the loan of 1854. True we did not guarantee that loan, as in conjunction with France we did that of the following year, but our love for Turkey at that time was great, and as a token of that love we permitted the eminent city firm who issued the loan in London to use this language regarding it:—"The undersigned have the satisfaction to acquaint the public that they are authorized by the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to state that this loan is negotiated with the knowledge of the English Government; that Her Majesty's Government is satisfied that the loan and the appropriation of the above-mentioned 30,000,000 piastres (£282,000) per annum of the Egyptian tribute are duly authorized by His Majesty the Sultan; and further, that the representatives of the Sublime Porte at Paris and London are empowered in virtue of Imperial Firmans to ratify the contract for the loan in the name of His Majesty the Sultan; and Lord Clarendon relies with confidence upon the Turkish Government fulfilling with good faith the engagements they have entered into." This does not of course amount to a guarantee by this country in any legal sense, but it is morally something of the kind; and people with some show of justice might turn round upon our Government and say—"It was by your counsel that we lent our money to this loan, paying £80 per cent for our bonds. You ought to indemnify us." Something of that kind will no doubt be said; but there are worse offenders than Lord Clarendon in this respect, grave though his mistake was. Much has been heard of the curious documents by means of which countries like Honduras and Paraguay managed to get money from the English public, or rather by means of which loan-mongers got the money; but statements have I think been issued regarding Turkey, as bad, all the facts considered, as any of these. In this respect the Imperial Ottoman Bank has been the chief offender, as it has been the most

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unsatisfactory "friend" that the Sultan ever had. Knowing the corrupt character of the Turkish Government, as its Constantinople officials must have done, it is strange to see how greed of gain, and no doubt also some remains of the old enthusiasm about Turkey's great resources, have blinded them to the true state of affairs. In the light of what has now happened, many of the announcements issued under the sanction of the Bank read as if they could hardly have been made in good faith. If they were, then two things were greater at Constantinople than I have hitherto been inclined to suppose—the cunning of the Turks, and the credulity of the Greek, French, Armenian, and English financiers, who guided the policy of the Bank. I would not rashly assert that there was not a lingering belief that 'one more chance' might yet enable the Turk to turn the corner, and allow prosperity to dawn upon Turkey. Nor do I deny that as the English element prevailed in the counsels of the Turk, some efforts were made to stem the torrent of corruption, and to secure the reform of Turkish finance. The Bank last year strove hard and earnestly to set bounds to Turkish extravagance and could not. But it is precisely this continued failure that causes us to doubt whether sensible men ought not to have held their hands long ago; and but for the boundless credulity with which greed of gain can inflate the mind, I think sober-minded men in Constantinople would have seen and turned away from the rottenness that cried out for speedy burial long ago. Looking at the question from a bondholder's point of view, however, and waiving all question of good or bad faith, it is impossible, in the face of what has happened now, and of what sensible people have foreseen for years past, to avoid the conviction that something more than a nominal responsibility attaches to declarations like the following. The prospectus of the 5 per cent loan issued last year under the auspices of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, says:—"The loan has been authorized by His Imperial Majesty

the Sultan in accordance with a convention between the Imperial Ottoman Government and the Bank, and in pursuance of the law for the reform of the financial administration of the Empire, promulgated in July last, with a view to regulate and adjust the receipts and expenditure of the Empire, and to simplify the present system of financial administration, and more especially to insure the meeting of the financial obligations of the Government as they mature. To effect these objects, it is provided by the convention that the Imperial Ottoman Bank shall receive the whole of the revenues of the Empire from the collectors, who are to be put into direct communication with the Bank. The Bank is authorized to reserve out of the revenues the funds required for the service of the public debt, and to make the disbursements authorized by a Commission of the Budget, on which the Bank is to be represented *ex officio*. The law enacts that no branch of the administration shall exceed in its expenditure the amount appropriated for it in the budget authorized by that Commission, and provides that, if from exceptional causes any additional expenditure is indispensable, the department requiring it must report the amount and object to the Government, which must submit the report to the Budget Commission for approval, and provision be made for meeting such additional expenditure."

This is a most satisfactory statement, but unfortunately the elaborate promise here made for the security of Turkish bondholders never went further than the paper on which it was drawn. No sooner was the money raised, than the whole affair was revealed to be merely one of the usual expedients by which the Turks have raised money every other year since 1854. If we might speak vulgarly of such august persons as the Sultan and his officials, it was only a dodge to get money by. The Ottoman Bank was never allowed to collect the revenues in any real sense; and to those who know anything of the vile tax-farming system of the country, it

must have seemed madness for the Bank ever to expect to do it. It only got what moneys the spending departments chose to let it have. It could do nothing towards effecting reform in anything. Yet on the faith that that compact represented a fact, some people lent their money once more to Turkey, and it is surely a fair question whether they could not now have recourse against the instrument by which they were so manifestly misled. It would not be surprising to find the question argued in a court of law; and whether the bondholders got a verdict or not, it is a question worth trying. The true status of loan contractors, and the extent of their responsibility, are things that need defining above every other business question almost, and this would be a good case to try it on, for the Ottoman Bank indubitably led the public to put faith in its character of regenerator of Turkey more than in the Turk himself.

But there are two other points of greater importance than this one connected with the Turkish bankruptcy, and to these we must now turn. The first is the effect which this step of the Turk is likely to produce on his financial position, and the second its political results. As to the first, there cannot be much hesitation in forming an opinion. The payment of the charges on the Turkish debt has for a number of years been made almost entirely by raising money in the method already described. This is proved by the rapidity with which the debt itself has grown, and therefore statements as to growth of revenues and all matters of that kind are entirely beside the mark. Be the revenues of Turkey 20,000,000*l.* or 10,000,000*l.* the Turkish debt burdens have not been borne by them, except to a very limited extent. For my part, I may say in passing that I disbelieve the big-sounding stories about the growth of the Turkish revenue, just as I disbelieve the talk about "developing the resources of the country." All trustworthy testimony concurs in saying that year by

year Turkey has been growing poorer; what capital was in the country has been drained out of it, and none other has come in beyond the money lavished in the capital. Provinces have been devastated by famine, the people ground by the tax-farmer, robbed by the hurrying governors, who knew that but few days were theirs wherein to fill their pockets. The few manufactures that the empire possessed have almost died out, roads and public works of all kinds have fallen into decay, and amid all these signs of wreck, depopulation, poverty, and general ruin, is it not a marvellous impudence that can bid us turn and look at the growing revenues of Turkey as proof that it is richer than it was? What boast more hollow than that which is based on the "growing revenues" of the country? Here growing revenues mean growing depopulation and misery. Turkey has not been growing richer, but poorer, and her debt is a burden too huge to be borne by her actual resources in any shape. It therefore follows that if Turkey can raise no more loans, the whole of the debt payments are seriously jeopardized. I do not believe, in fact, that the measure announced by the Sultan is nearly thorough enough. He might, if freed from the canker of insurrection, struggle on for a year or two with the weight of a third or a fourth part of the debt; but he cannot carry a half unless he gives up his civil list altogether. The financiers who have hitherto propped him up cannot but know this very well. They are fully aware that if they cannot help him there will be no money forthcoming in January for the dividends then due, and they are, therefore, in the desperate dilemma we have described. If the Sultan now stops payment altogether, they themselves will be caught, because they have been going on making advance after advance in the hope that a new loan might by and by be funded. The stock pawned with them as security will sink to zero; and it may soon be bankruptcy for not a few who have lived for years in overflowing wealth, the fruits of usurious

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money-lending. The Sultan must, therefore, at all hazards, be propped up; but then if he be, and the new year is tided over, will the public take up any more of his loans? If not, then the next state of these financiers will be worse than the present. Thus they neither dare go on nor recede. Many schemes will probably be tried; official upon official will be disgraced as a scapegoat; modifications of the decree will be published, and every effort made once more to get the public to lend the Turk, or rather the Turk's usurers, some more money. Signs of some intentions of this kind are already to be found in a letter sent by the Turkish Finance Minister to the Imperial Ottoman Bank. An attempt is therein made to parade once more the worn out expedient of "special hypothecations." Without retracting an iota of the sweeping confiscations, or stopping to draw any distinction between the rights of one lender and those of another, or condescending to say what the Sultan means to do about the payment of the Egyptian tribute, the minister announces in the grand autocratic style befitting the official of the Sublime Porte that certain revenues will be assigned for the payment of the half of the debt charges graciously left. To receive these special revenues and to "insure the regularity of the mode of payment," he requests the Bank to "concert immediately with the committees of the Bank at Paris and London, in order that they may, in unison with the contractors of our loans, designate without delay their representatives on the Syndicate of Constantinople to which the revenues mentioned as guarantees will be consigned. You will likewise be kind enough to draw up in concert with my department, and in conformity with official notices, an exact statement of the sums devoted both to the full payment in specie of the first half of the coupons and sinking fund of our internal and external debts, and to the payment, also in specie, of the interest on the new bonds representing the second half of the said coupons and sinking funds, and, lastly, an exact and precise table of

the guarantees which will become freed on the day of the extinction of the external loan next in rotation for redemption, and which will be thenceforth applied to the said 5 per cent interest and sinking fund included, in case this same 5 per cent could not be repaid at the expiration of the five years. The whole in conformity with what was stated in the last declaration of the Sublime Porte bearing date the 9th of this month. The Imperial Ottoman Bank, while acquitting itself of this task, remains at the same time charged with the duty of proposing to my department all the details of execution for insuring the regular working of the new service of the internal and external public debt from the 1st of January, 1876."<sup>1</sup> This is a very gracious communication, and if we could shut our eyes to the facts it would be also very comforting. But with open eyes it is seen to mean nothing at all, unless it be, as I have said, one more bid for confidence, one more desperate throw of the dice for the chance of distressed money-lenders getting off scot-free. But if the public refuse all overtures, turn their backs on all blandishments, and steadily refuse any advances, then the game of these persons is played out, and they will have to bear their losses with the rest of the world, as best they can. I do not expect that the public either here or on the Continent will lend Turkey more, and therefore I do not see how Turkey is to avoid a complete collapse. It is a most melancholy outlook for Turkish bondholders—for at least the few of them who may be to be pitied, such as the investors in some of her early and high-priced loans; but it is a wholesome event for the gamblers who have lived on the public by means of her stocks. Should the bankruptcy be thorough, and should the huge shiploads of bonds that Turkey has issued become valueless, it will after all be the gamblers who will ultimately lose the most. This is small consolation to those bondholders who are holding meetings and agitating for something to be done,

<sup>1</sup> *Times*, Oct. 20th.

but their own conduct seems to prove that they have little other hope. Naturally the one great cry is that our Government should interfere. "Diplomatic pressure" ought to be brought to bear upon the Turkish Government; the Sultan should be told to dismiss venal and obnoxious officials, and to grant substantial reforms, and so forth. Well, supposing we do make these representations, what is to be hoped for from them? Are we to go to war if the Sultan politely invites us to mind our own business, and leave him to deal with his usurers according to his own pleasure? If not what can we do? no remonstrances of ours will secure reform in Turkey, whatever additional hate of us they may kindle in the bosom of the Turk. We have pursued a supine policy or no policy too long at the Porte for our interference to be effectual now. And supposing the Sultan did dismiss a minister or two at our bidding, it could do nobody any good. The dismissed officials would be but the scapegoats, and their successors would complacently reap the harvest that their unscrupulous predecessors had sown, till they in turn give place to a new set of nominees of the harem, or of the last chosen favourite. We can do nothing therefore, and yet it may be hard for the Government to resist making a show of acquiescence when beset with pathetic appeals from widows and orphans, who will urge that but for the words of English statesmen their money would never have been lost. It should resist, however; for the country cannot be drawn into broils for a cause like this, and if it resist, the energy with which poor bondholders lament themselves and abuse Turkey will do no harm.

At the same time, and secondly, such an event cannot happen without the gravest consequences for the country involved. In her present situation Turkey cannot afford to lose the support of the last remnants of the respect of European nations. Yet this act of bankruptcy is, from its time and manner, calculated to cut the Turkish Government off from all the sympathies of

Western nations. It is true that for a long time the rule of the Turk has been tolerated in Europe merely because his expulsion would only open the way for questions too dangerous to be willingly faced; but, for all that, a certain amount of goodwill was accorded to him by people in this country and in France. All that goodwill is now forfeited, and the lingering inclination to tolerate him will now give place to a more or less eager desire to find a solution of the problems which his presence has staved off, quite without regard to his interests. The insurrection in one of his down-trodden provinces has stirred the subject again, and he has precluded any reference to his supposed rights in its settlement. If the Sultan could indeed quell that disturbance, he might be suffered for a little while longer; but the prospect of his doing so—never very great—has become indefinitely lessened since his proclamation of bankruptcy. While he had credit he could command the sinews of war; but now that he has none, where is he to find the cash for carrying on the struggle? The extravagant court and the corrupt official class leave little enough in his coffers to bear the weight of even so small a task as the quelling of the revolt in Herzegovina may seem. And if the war widen, his helplessness will become more and more visible. It is long since he began to drive Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, from his service; he has dismissed the engineers from his fleet, for example, and the ships are left in the hands of men who cannot work them. They would therefore be almost useless in a war, as easy a prey to a hostile force as the old fleet was at Sinope. Penniless, friendless, hated by his subjects, Mohammedan and Christian, betrayed by the sycophants who have flattered him to his ruin, he would prove an easy prey to the Russians, did they dare now to rise and lay their hands on the long-coveted prize. If Russia were alone in the field, one cannot doubt that the final act of this miserable drama would soon be

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reached ; indeed there are many who say that the machinations of Russia led to the issue of this fatal decree which has left the Sultan so helpless.

But there are others in the field, and upon these, as well as on Russia, this Turkish default—inevitable, however hastened—will throw the serious responsibility of settling before long what is to be done with the country. Obviously things cannot go on as they have done. Europe cannot tolerate such open sores as these chronic insurrections in what might be some of her fairest lands. The grim resolution of the Herzegovinians to perish, or flee the land to a man rather than yield again to the Turk, is itself enough to call on surrounding nations to find a remedy. The country must be saved, for the sake of those who live in it and are perishing, for the sake of peace, and for the sake of some at least of those whose faith in the great resources of Turkey has led them to pour their savings into it—and it must be saved speedily. It would lead us far beyond the limits of this paper to discuss in all its bearings this hither Eastern Question, to which so many recent events have given once more a paramount importance ; but there are one or two points that may be briefly indicated. It may, for instance, be taken as established that the insurgents now in arms will not yield. From amongst many signs of this take the following from a recent letter by the *Times* special correspondent in the disturbed districts. He is retailing the sentiments of Ijubibratic, and says :—“He is strongly opposed to any foreign domination of Slav organization, and especially to that of Russia ; but he said that he and his compatriots were decided to put an end to Turkish misgovernment of their province, by driving out the Turk or leaving the country depopulated and ruined. They had tried before and had experience of Turkish promises and reforms, and now they were resolved to make the struggle conclusive—if they could not live free in their own country, free from this

horrible system of slavery which made the Herzegovinian nothing more than a brute, without instruction, without hopes, and without the commonest rights of humanity, they would drive their families out of the country, and leave the Turk nothing but the bare and impoverished land—they would fight while they could hold together, and when nothing more was possible would divide into small parties, and ravage and harry the Turks until they themselves were exterminated. In reply to what would content them in the way of concessions, he said promptly, ‘From the Turk nothing less than autonomy ; we have had enough of their promises, and will listen to no more. We cannot live under Turkish administration.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘if the Powers intervene and guarantee reforms, would you refuse them ?’ ‘Certainly,’ he replied, ‘we would accept under the guarantee of the Powers, if all united in it, any reforms which assured us personal liberty and security if the execution of them were intrusted to the Prince of Montenegro, or some of the Christian Powers. The reforms must be radical, and we know that such will not be put in execution by the Turks.’”

This expresses the attitude of the insurgents and gives a hint of the course which events should take to afford a solution of the whole question. It is useless to keep up a set of corrupt officials, headed at Constantinople by a ruler who is usually reputed to be a poor, childish, half-insane tyrant, swayed by the intrigues of his harem ; it can do no good to maintain them, and has worked infinite harm. But it is equally impossible to give either of the neighbours of that wretched monarch exclusive or paramount power over his forfeited inheritances. Why not, therefore, listen to the voice of the people themselves, and suffer the various provinces of European Turkey to organize governments for themselves, under the protectorate of those powers who have hitherto guaranteed the autonomy of Turkey ? Except for Russian greed and

Austrian fears, what is there to hinder Serbia from attaching Bosnia, and Montenegro Herzegovina? and why should not Bulgaria become free, and Roumelia also? each state having its own independent organization; all to be self-governing, and yet, if possible, federated under the protection of the great Powers, so that they might have the chance of growing in time into a great Union? There is no actual reason why this should not be done, except what Austria and Russia furnish, or except what is found in the fear politicians have that the Mohammedan and Christian populations might fall out among themselves. Yet it is very doubtful whether either of these powers would gain anything by becoming dominant in European Turkey. For all purposes of trade and internal development, for all purposes of peace or war, Austria and Russia would be just as well off, or better, if they remained within their present borders as if they annexed Turkey. These Slavs do not, it is clear, love Russia, nor do they relish the prospect of the domination of any outside power. Austria has already a greater agglomeration of conflicting interests and races on her hands than she can easily manage, and we fear the same may be said of Russia. Did either of them obtain the dominion they want in Turkey, it might be the signal for their dismemberment, and for a general European conflict. But if they consent to leave the mixed populations of Turkey alone in their independence, to give them the chance at least of learning to tolerate each other, and unite merely to put down the abominable abuses of which the Sultan's Court is the source, clearing him and his barbarism out of Europe—then they may both be strengthened. Small states may rise in that old Roman Empire of which none need be afraid, yet ultimately sufficiently federated and strong to hold their own, and therefore to

prevent the wrangles and wholesale thefts, which have been the curse of Europe, more or less, since the day when Caesar led his legions into Gaul. Liberty under the guarantee of the Powers is what the people of Turkey want; and, granted that, the question of the destiny of Turkey might be settled for this generation at least. For the religious difficulty is probably much exaggerated in Turkey, as it has been nearer home. The Mohammedan population of Europe and Turkey may be bigots, but they are in the main of the same race as their Christian neighbours, and if bound over to keep the peace, would be likely soon to find a *modus vivendi* based on mutual toleration. Equal civil rights would do much to soften away those religious asperities now in some instances so bitter.

Not only so, but more hope might ultimately arise for the Turkish bondholders out of an arrangement like this than out of any other. They cannot, of course, expect that in any event their claims will be admitted in full. No just person would ask that the late loans of the Porte should be laid in their entirety upon the necks of the people. But the emancipated principalities might amongst them take up a fair proportion of the debt, and these burdens might be so adjusted and re-arranged by the suppression of the oppressive sinking funds, that they could be borne, and possibly gradually reduced. Confidence thus restored, new capital would flow into the denuded land, and new life and enterprise might soon make it as fair and prosperous as it is waste and ruined now.

It might be worth while directing energies towards a policy of this kind, rather than wasting them on unavailing complaint and useless attempts at remonstrance with a reckless, corrupt, and penniless debtor.

A. J. WILSON.

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